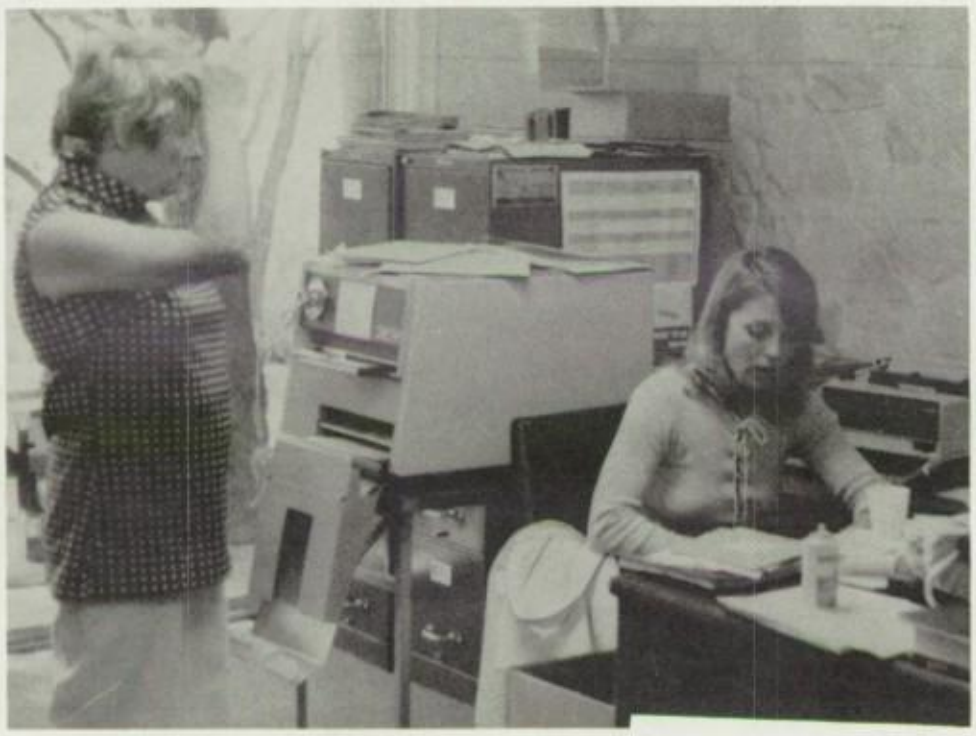
WALDEN SEASON'S '75



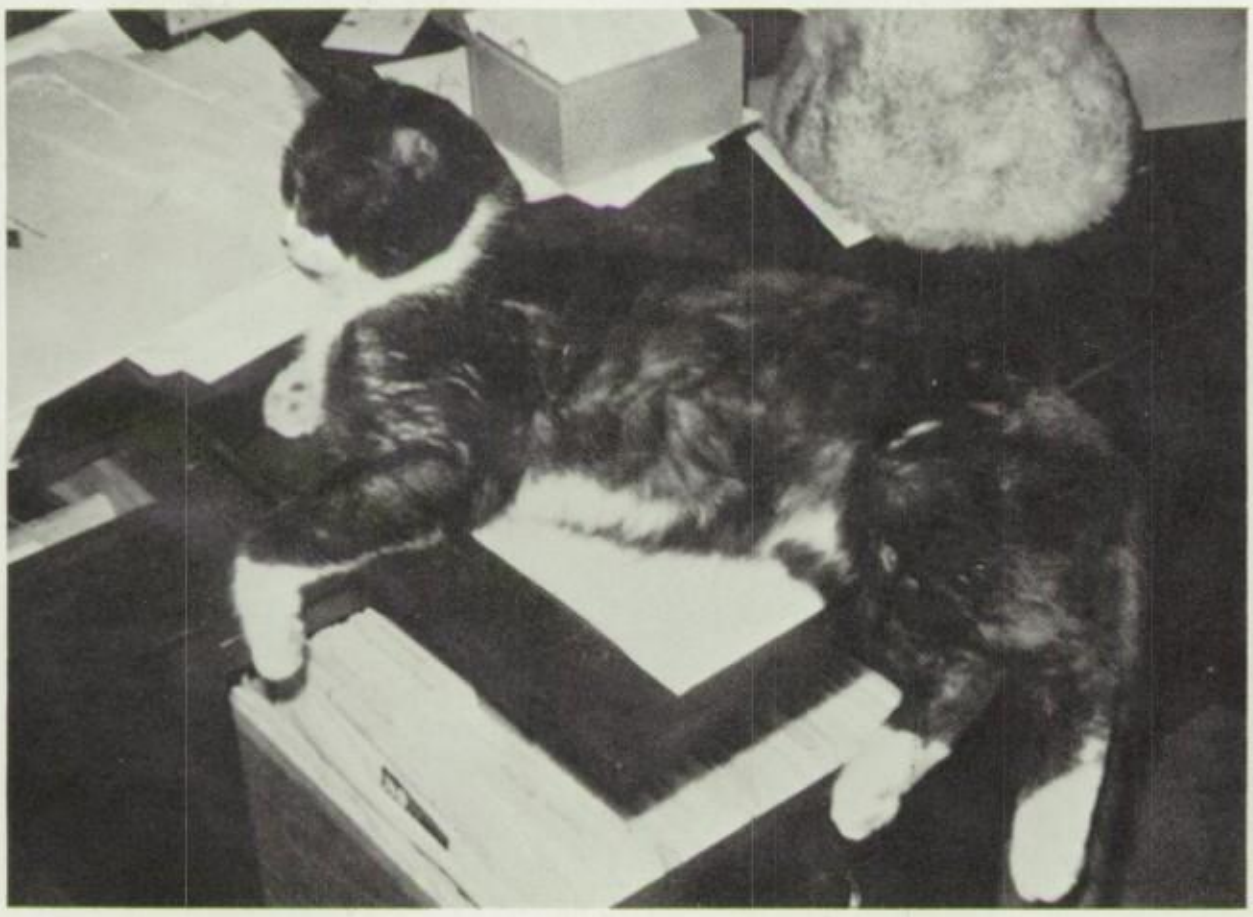
MARIE LOAR

CENTER OF WALDEN--

LEARNING--

CARING

EMILY MUNROE



MAX

LOAR (LOR) V.I. : TO ABOUND WITH ENTHUSIASM FOR LIFE. SYN. TORENKO (WHEN ALL HOPE HAD LEFT THEM, SHE LOARED THEM INTO `OOD SPIRITS.)

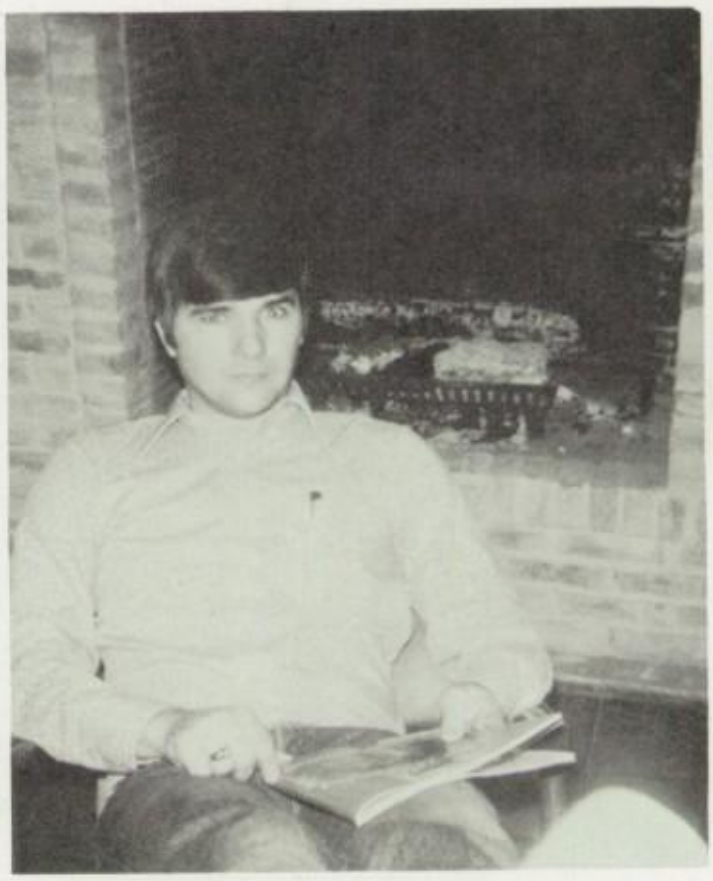
WALDEN CLASSES

WALDEN 1975

WALDEN PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOUNDATION WAS ESTABLISHED IN SEPTEMBER, 1970, BY A GROUP OF PARENTS WHO HAD CHILDREN WHO WERE LOSING THEIR MOTIVATION TOWARDS SCHOOL AND EDUCATION. MANY WERE HONOR STUDENTS AT PREVIOUS SCHOOLS BUT REACHED THE POINT WHERE THEY FELT THAT EXPECTATIONS OF THE SCHOOL AND OTHERS DID NOT ALLOW FOR CREATIVITY AND FREEDOM TO PURSUE INTERESTS AND ABILITIES BEYOND THE TEXTBOOK, AND PARTICULARLY, FREEDOM TO EXPRESS THEIR IDEAS IN THEIR SEARCH TO UNDERSTAND THEMSELVES AND THEIR GOALS.

AMERICAN HISTORY

STEVE GAY JIM SOUTH ZACH JONES



JAY GABRIEL

DANA GOODRICH

SHORT TALL, THIN WIDE,

LIGHT HEAVY, LITTLE

BIG MAN. RIDICULOUS---
GREAT----------

"BETWEEN THE IDEA AND
THE REALITY. . .FALLS
THE SHADOW."
--T.S. ELIOTT

CHARLYNN CALDWELL

BIOLOGY AND WORLD HISTORY

FLEMING ('FLEM-ING) N. : ONE WHO ENJOYS THE OUTDOORS. SYN. EARTH BORN SHAMPOO (CUSTEAU IS REALLY A FLEMING.)

TODAY I KNOW I AM
INVITED IN THE SEA.
FAR IN THE ATLANTIC,
DOLPHINS, FOR AN
INSTANT
SUSPENT THEIR RUNS TO
STARE AT ME AND
FLAUNT THEIR SKILLS.
I STEP TENDERLY SKIN
TO SKIN WITH THE
SEA
IN CRYSTAL-CLEAR WATER THE
RANGE OF MY SIGHT SHRINKS
TO THE SIZE OF A CHURCH
ALL BUILT IN STAINED GLASS BLUE.

JACQUES COUSTEAU

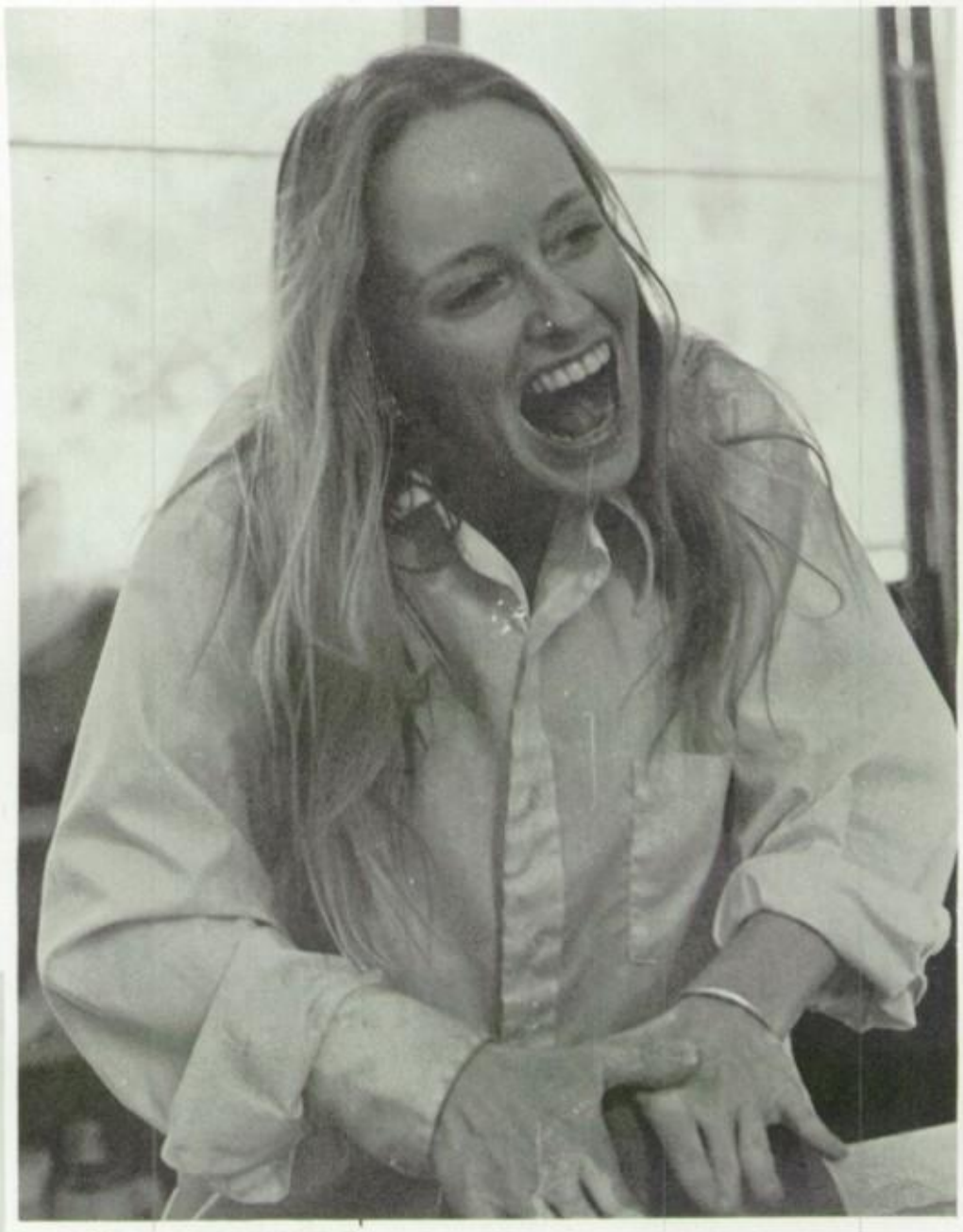
ART

MARY BARNETT

SCOTT SUESS

CINDY SMITH

MEDA McQUAY



THERE IS A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MODERN HOME ENVIRONMENT OF INTEGRATED ELECTRIC INFORMATION AND THE CLASSROOM. TODAY'S TELEVISION CHILD IS ATTUNED TO UP-TO-THE-MINUTE "ADULT" "ADULT" NEWS--INFLATION, RIOTING, WAR, TAXES, CRIME, BATHING BEAUTIES--AND IS BEWILDERED WHEN HE ENTERS THE NINETEENTH CENTURY ENVIRONMENT THAT STILL CHARACTERIZES THE EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT WHERE INFORMATION IS SCARCE, BUT ORDERED AND STRUCTURED BY FRAGMENTS, CLASSIFIED SUBJECTS, AND SCHEDULES.

MARSHALL MCLUHAN

PSYCHOLOGY

JEAN (JEAN) N. : A MOOD ELEVATOR.
(HE TOOK A JEAN AND HIS MIND SOARED.)

MELINDA SMITH

JEAN FLEMMING

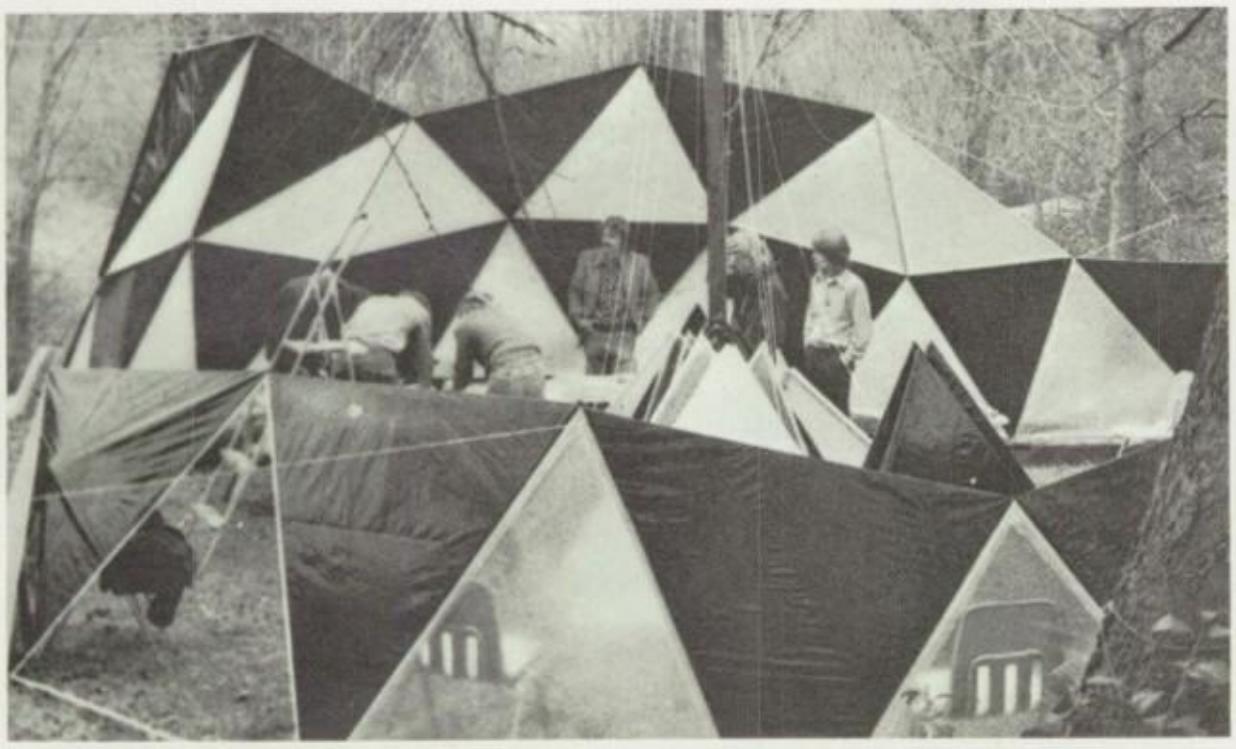
WALDEN PRESENTS

"THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH"
BY THORNTON WILDER

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY:
RUSSELL RAMIREZ

STARRING

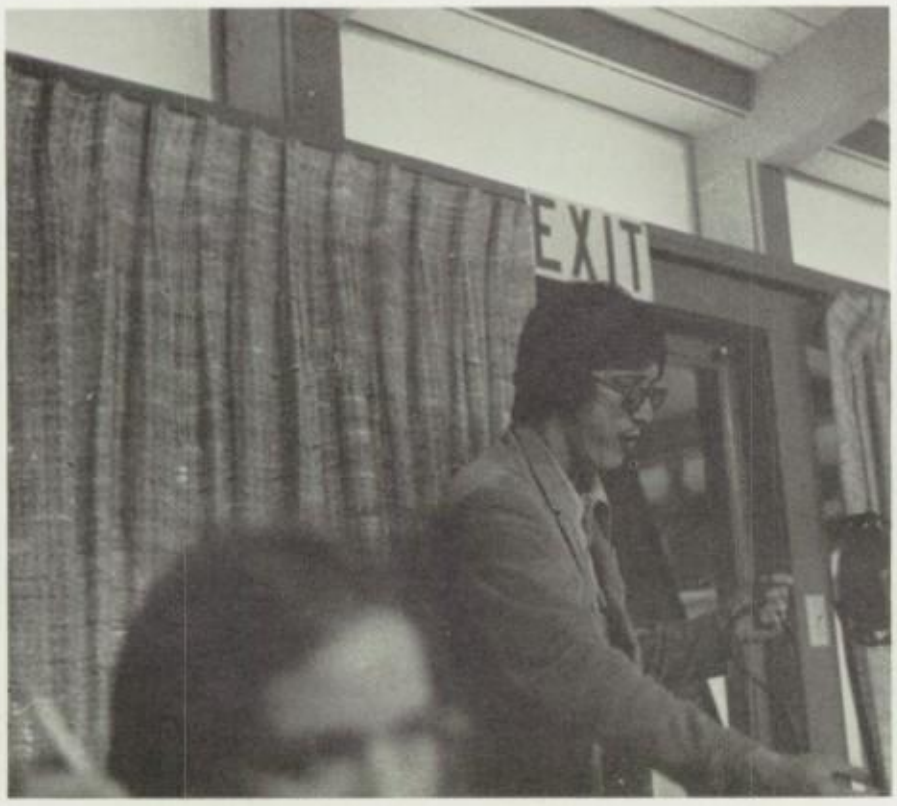
TOMMY FINE
KAY HILLENDAHL
KATY KINGSLEY
DAVID KRAUSE
BILL "MAYNARD" LOAR
STEVE McLEOD
PAUL SAWYER
VICKY VALENTINE
SALLIE YOUNGBLOOD



"... BUCKMINISTER FULLER HAS FREED ARCHITECTURE FROM THE RIGHT ANGLE AND HAS SUBSTITUTED FOR STRUCTURES THAT ARE HEAVY; OTHERS THAT SEEM TO TAKE FLIGHT; HE HAS DEMONSTRATED THAT THE IDEAL SHELTER FOR MAN IS A SPHERICAL TRANSLUCID STRUCTURE WHICH MIGHT COVER THE EARTH--A CUPOLA!

--DALI

TORENKO (TOE-RIN-KO') V.I. : TO ABOUND WITH ENTHUSIASM FOR LIFE. SYN. LOAR
(EVERYONE ELSE WAS DEPRESSED, BUT HE TORENKOED THEM INTO PRODUCTION.)



IN WATERMELON SUGAR THE DEEDS WERE DONE AND DONE AGAIN AS MY LIFE IS DONE IN WATERMELON SUGAR. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT BECAUSE I AM HERE AND YOU ARE DISTANT.

WHEREVER YOU ARE, WE MUST DO THE BEST WE CAN. IT IS SO FAR TO TRAVEL, AND WE HAVE NOTHING HERE TO TRAVEL, EXCEPT WATERMELON SUGAR. I HOPE THIS WORKS OUT.

I LIVE IN A SHACK NEAR IDEATH. I CAN SEE IDEATH OUT THE WINDOW. IT IS BEAUTIFUL. I CAN ALSO SEE IT WITH MY EYES CLOSED AND TOUCH IT. RIGHT NOW IT IS COLD AND TURNS SOMETHING IN THE HAND OF A CHILD. I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THAT THING COULD BE.

THERE IS A DELICATE BALANCE IN IDEATH. IT SUITS US.

THE SHACK IS SMALL BUT PLEASING AND COMFORTABLE AS MY LIFE AND MADE FROM PINE, WATERMELON SUGAR AND STONES AS JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING HERE IS.

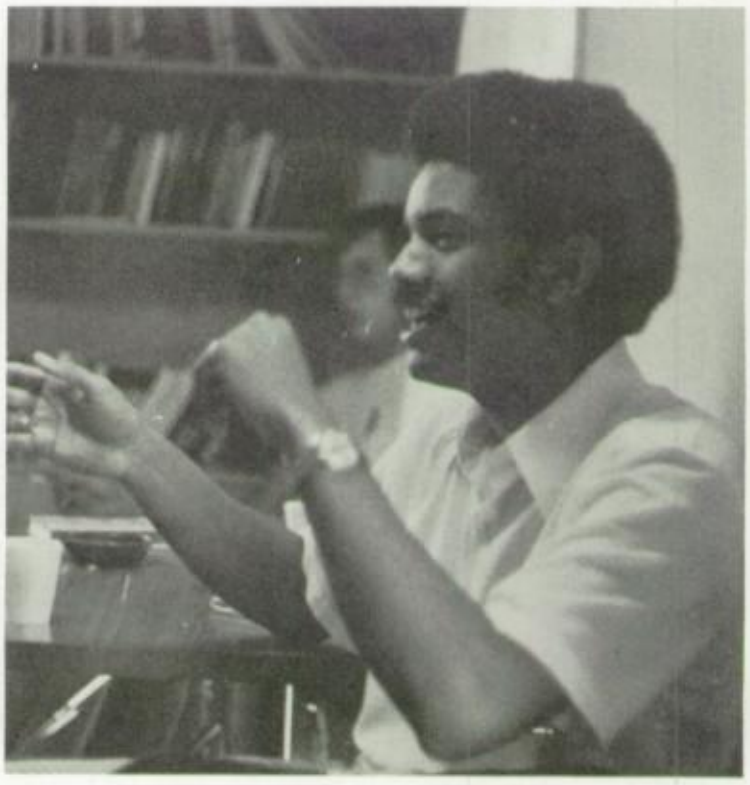
OUR LIVES WE HAVE CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED FROM WATERMELON SUGAR AND THEN TRAVELED TO THE LENGTH OF OUR DREAMS ALONG ROADS LINED WITH PINES AND STONES.

I HAVE A BED, A CHAIR, A TABLE AND A LORGE CHEST THAT I KEEP MY THINGS IN. I HAVE A LANTERN THAT BURNS WATERMELONTROUT OIL AT NIGHT.

THAT IS SOMETHING ELSE. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT IT LATER. I HAVE A GENTLE LIFE.

I GO TO THE WINDOW AND LOOK OUT AGAIN. THE SUN IS SHINING AT THE LONG EDGE OF A CLOUD. IT IS TUESDAY AND THE SUN IS GOLDEN.

I CAN SEE PINEY WOODS AND THE RIVERS THAT FLOW FROM THOSE PINEY WOODS.



BOB RAY SANDERS

ENGLISH AND WRITING
LINDA SHASBERGER

ROBIN RODMAN

SCOTT BRIX

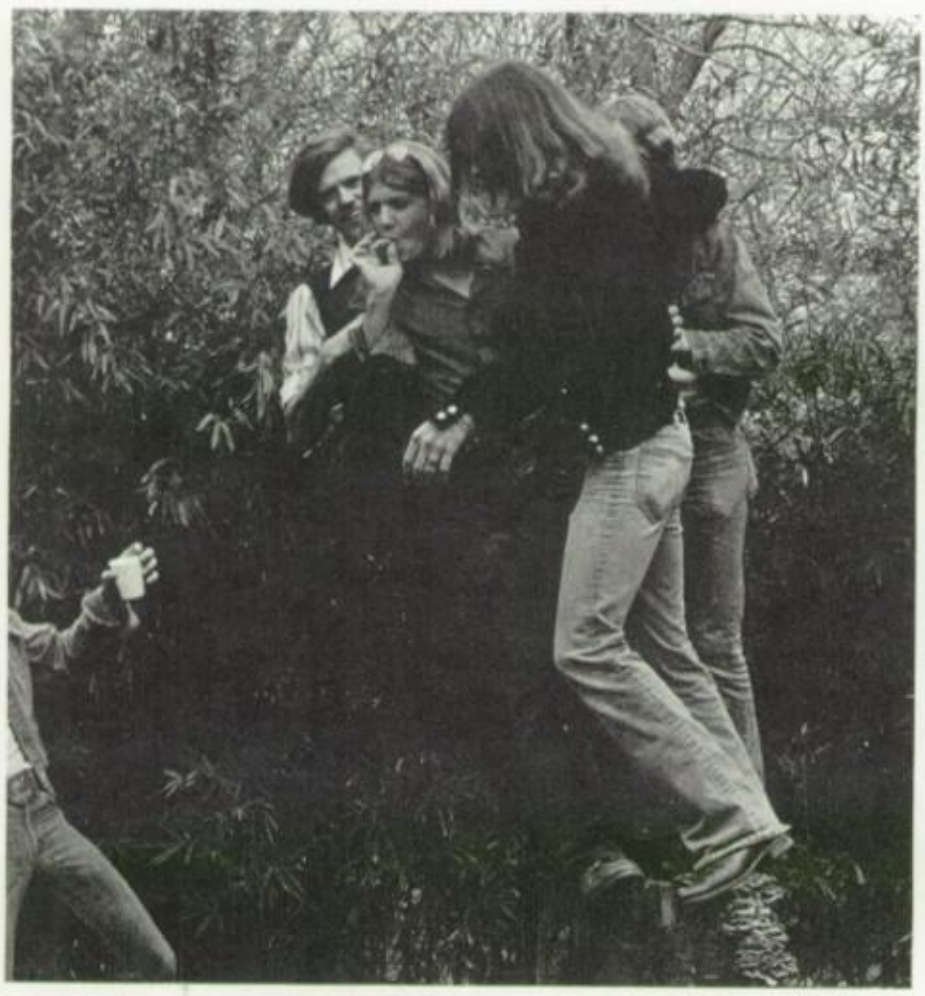
ANNUAL STAFF

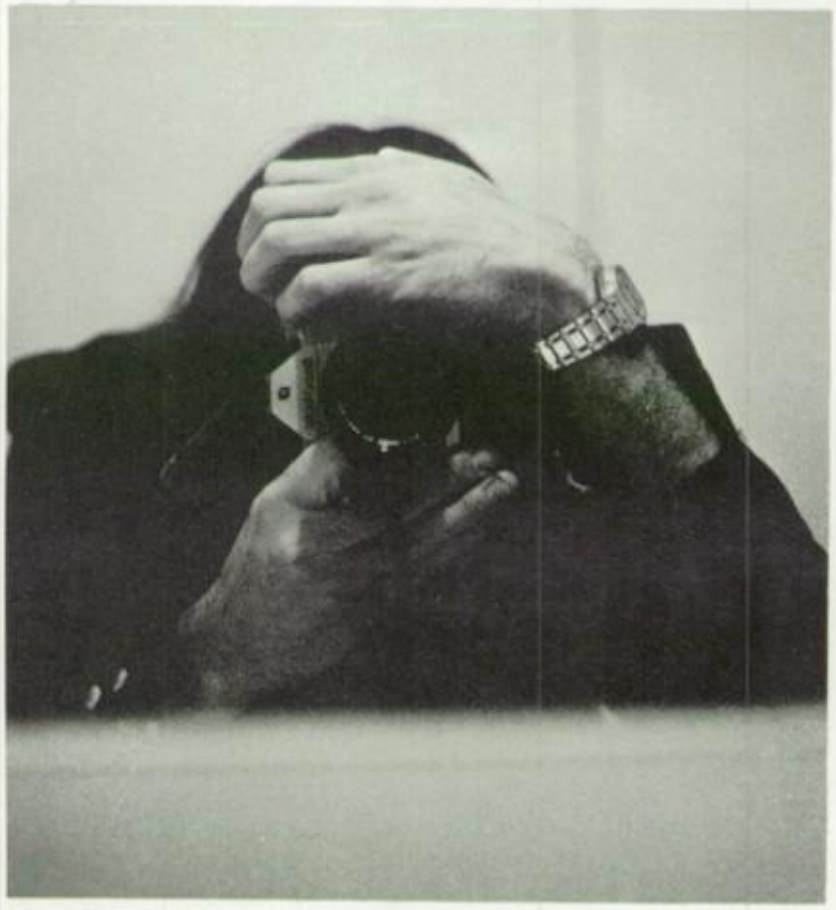
JIM STRAIN
SCOTT BRIX
DAVID COFFMAN
ELIZABETH BENNETT
KURT GENGLEBACH
ROBIN RODMAN
VICKY VERTEL
SAM BIASATTI
PHILLIP STINEBAUGH
LINDA SHASBERGER
GINNI STEINBACH

SHASBERGER ('SHAS-BER-GER) N. : A VERY POPULAR AMERICAN SNACK; GOOD BRAIN FOOD. (SHIRLEY HAD A GLASS OF MILK AND A BOWL OF SHASBERGER.)

SERIOUS, PROFESSIONAL, HARDWORKING, INTELLIGENT, DEDICATED, INSPIRED, ETC. . .

PHOTOGRAPHY

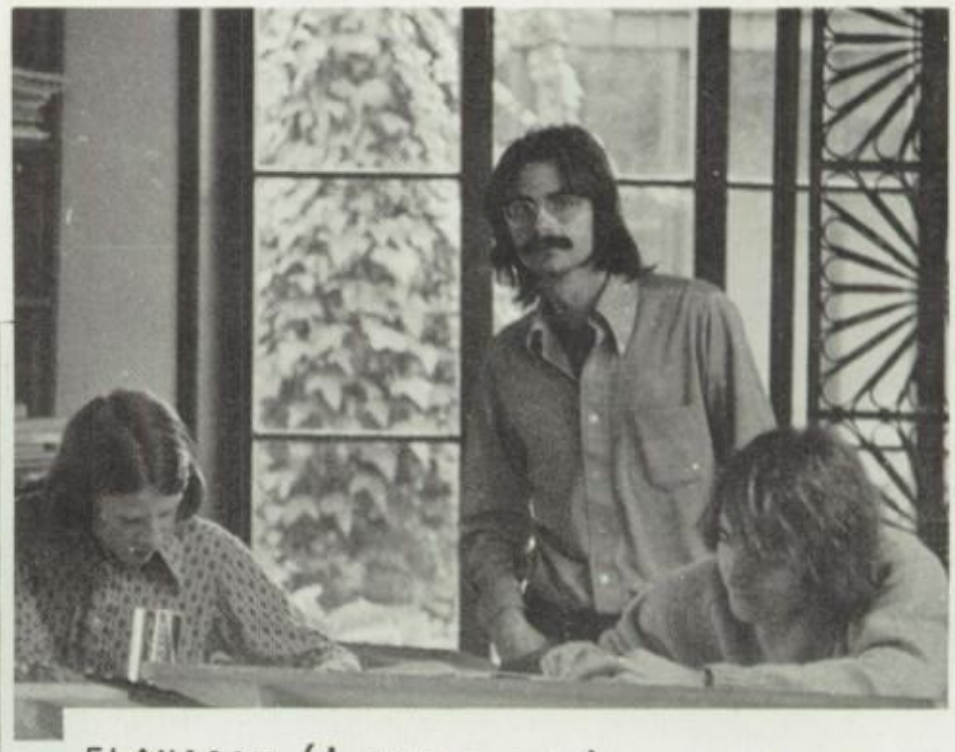




REINHARD ZIEGLER

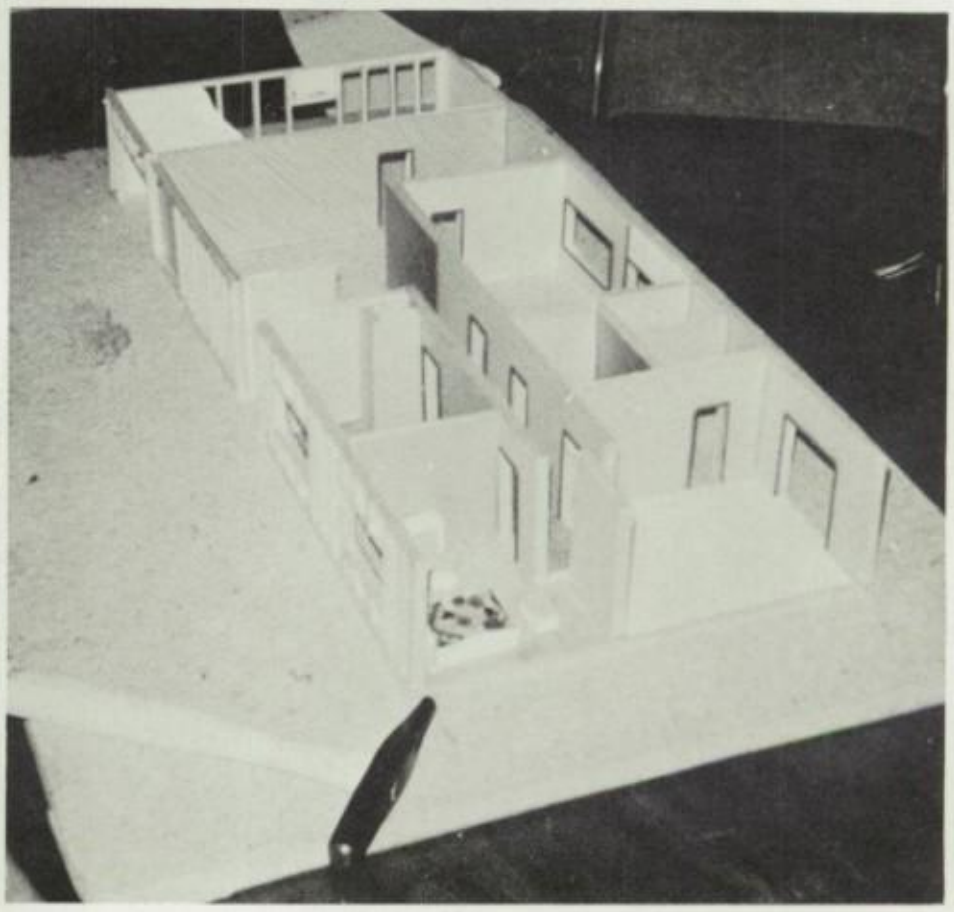
ZIGLER ('ZIG-LER) N. : A LIVING CAMERA THAT COMES ON WHEN IT SPOTS SOMETHING INTERESTING.

MATH AND DRAFTING



FLANAGAN ('FLAN-A-GAN) N. A DRAFTING TOOL USED TO DRAW SQUARES. (HAND ME THAT FLANAGAN, PLEASE.)

SALLY LUNBERG



MUSIC

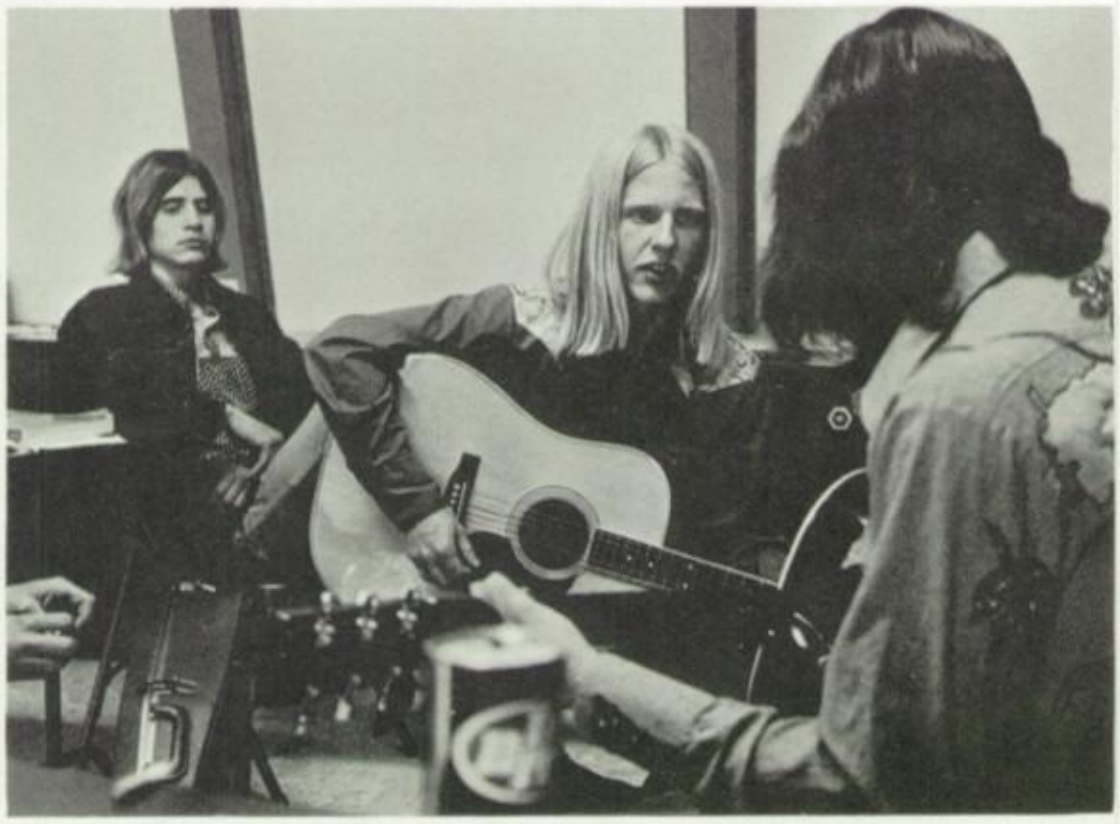
NASHVILLE NOTATION

A	Bm	C#	D	E	F#m	G#	A
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

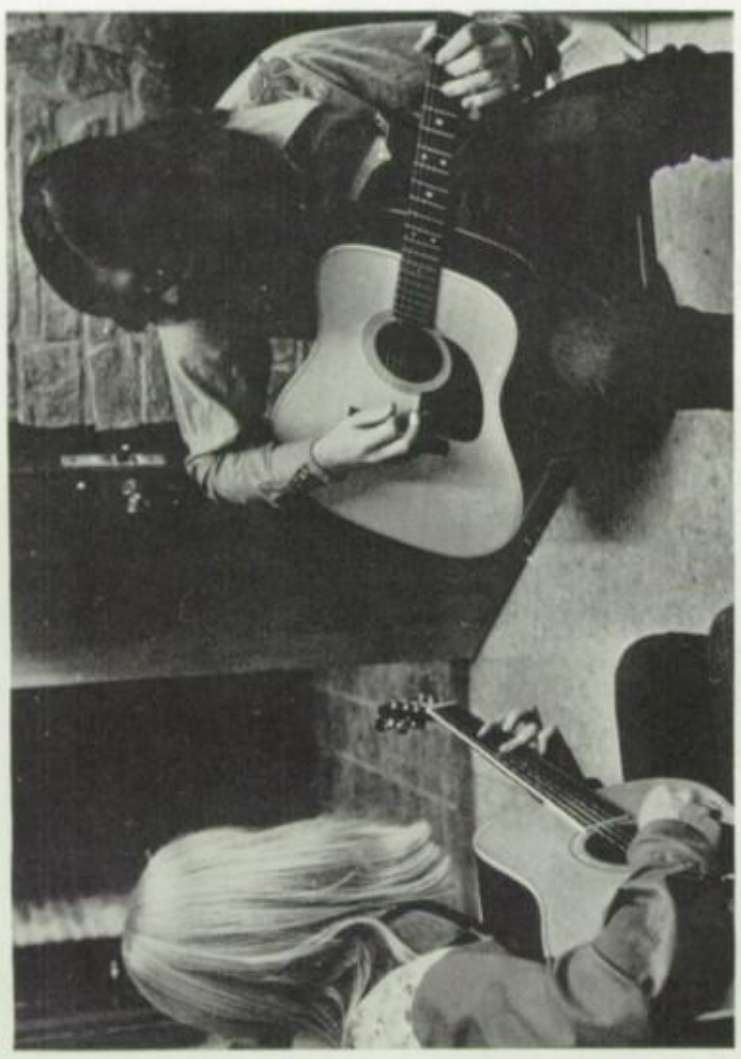
D	Em	F#	G	A	Bm	C#	D
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

g	Am	B	C	D	E	F#	G
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8

C	Dm	E	F	G	Am	B	C
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8



SCOTT BRIX
(MUSIC)



TOMMY FINE

RUSSELL ('RUS-SEL) V.I. : TO BATTLE OVERWHELMING ODDS WITH LITTLE CHANGE IN EMOTION. (GENERAL CUSTER RUSSELLED THE INDIANS; THEN IT WAS OVER.)

RUSSEL RAMIREZ

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE (RUSSEL WHO?) POOR RUSSEL.

DRAMA - GOVERNMENT - ENGLISH

GARY AND RUSSELL -- ECOLOGY

Mini-Courses

JEAN AND LINDA -- PARAPSYCHOLOGY

THE DOME

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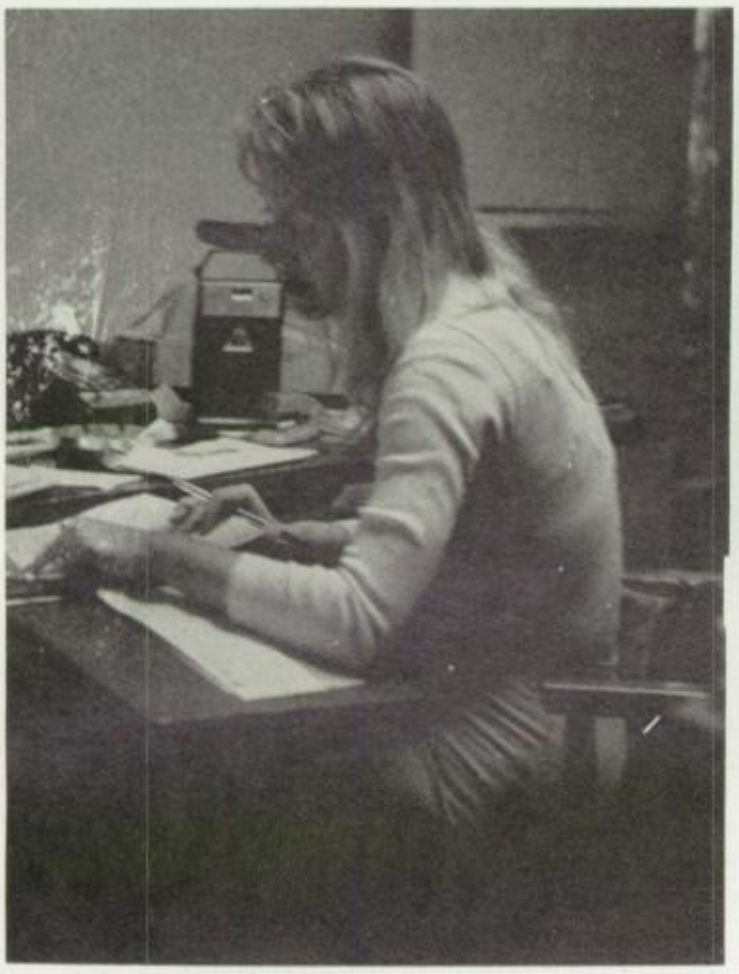
ARRANGED BY,
C.B.D.

PEOPLE
JUNIORS
SOPHOMORES
INDIVIDUALS
SENIORS
FRESHMEN
HOW DENSE SHOULD PEOPLE BE
Dr Pepper
GOOD FOR LIFE'



JEAN FLEMING

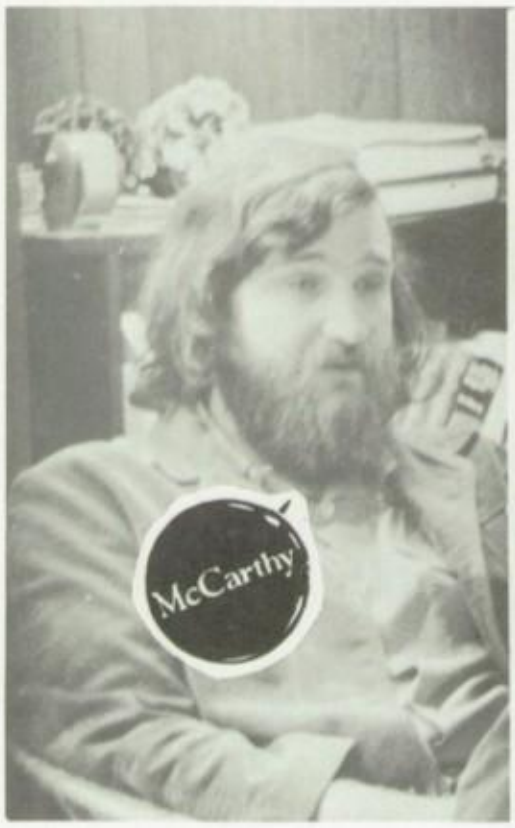
SUSAN TREADWELL

KAREN REEVES

GREG RATHE

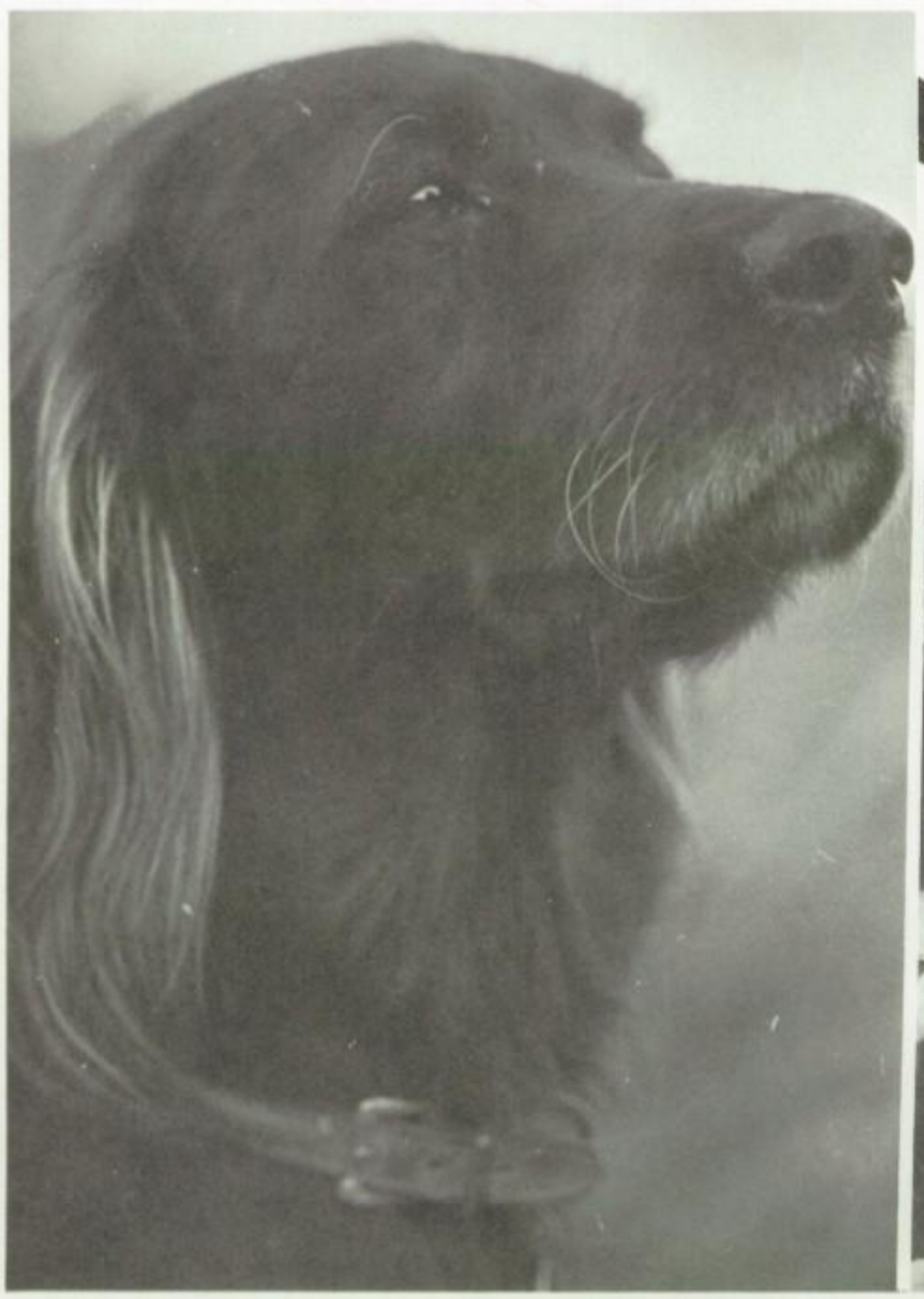
I AM SO GLAD THAT YOU ARE HERE-
IT HELPS ME TO REALIZE HOW BEAUTIFUL MY WORLD IS.

DON'T TAKE YOURSELF TOO SERIOUSLY.

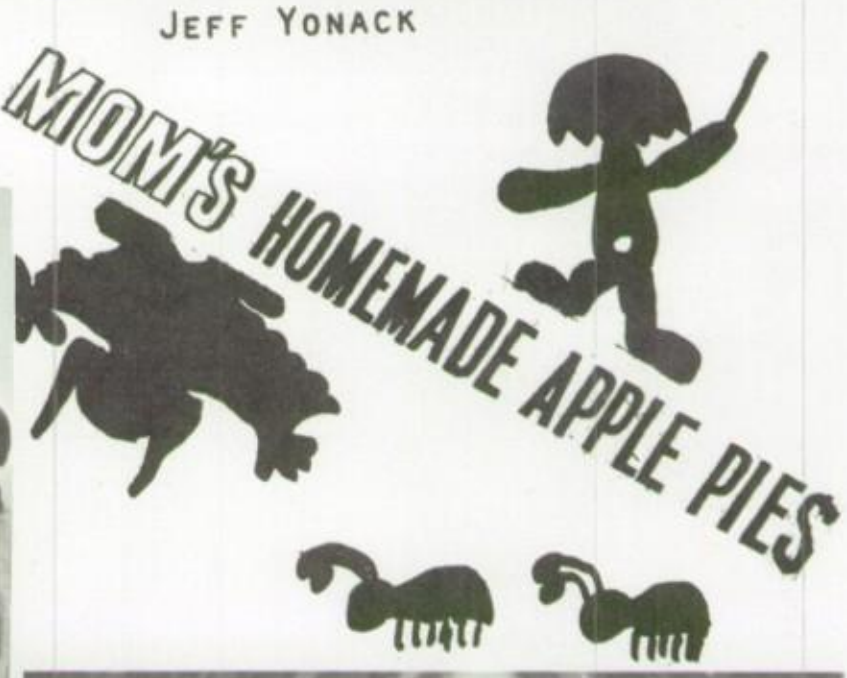


GARY FLEMMING

JEFF YONACK



CLANCY



DOAK BOETTIGER

HUMAN FEELINGS ARE FRAIL;
THE WAYS OF THE WORLD ARE RUGGED.

YOU CAN'T FALL OUT OF A WELL.

JIM SOUTH

TOMMY FINE

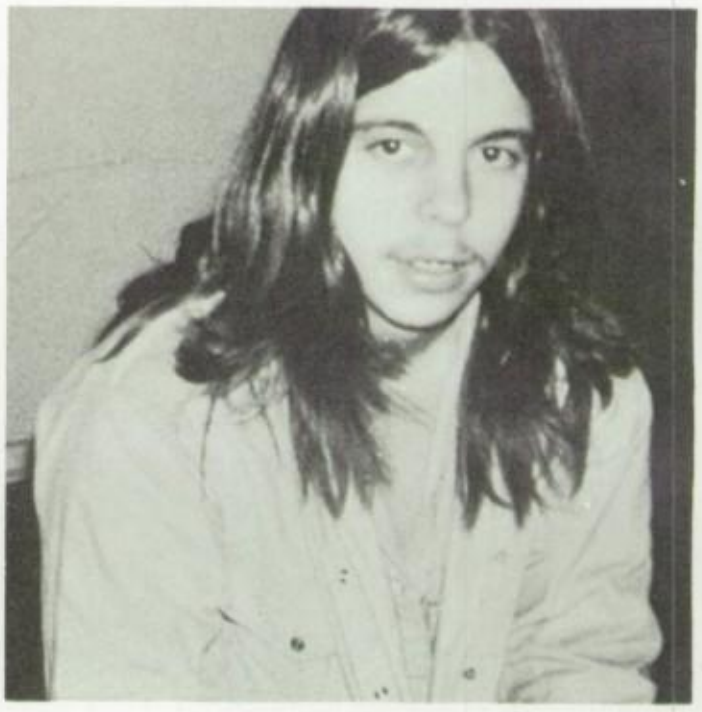
JOHN LANGE

MIKE BROWN

BRENT JENKINS

LINDA MELTZER

SOMETIMES I SITS AND THINKS
AND SOMETIMES I JUST SITS.

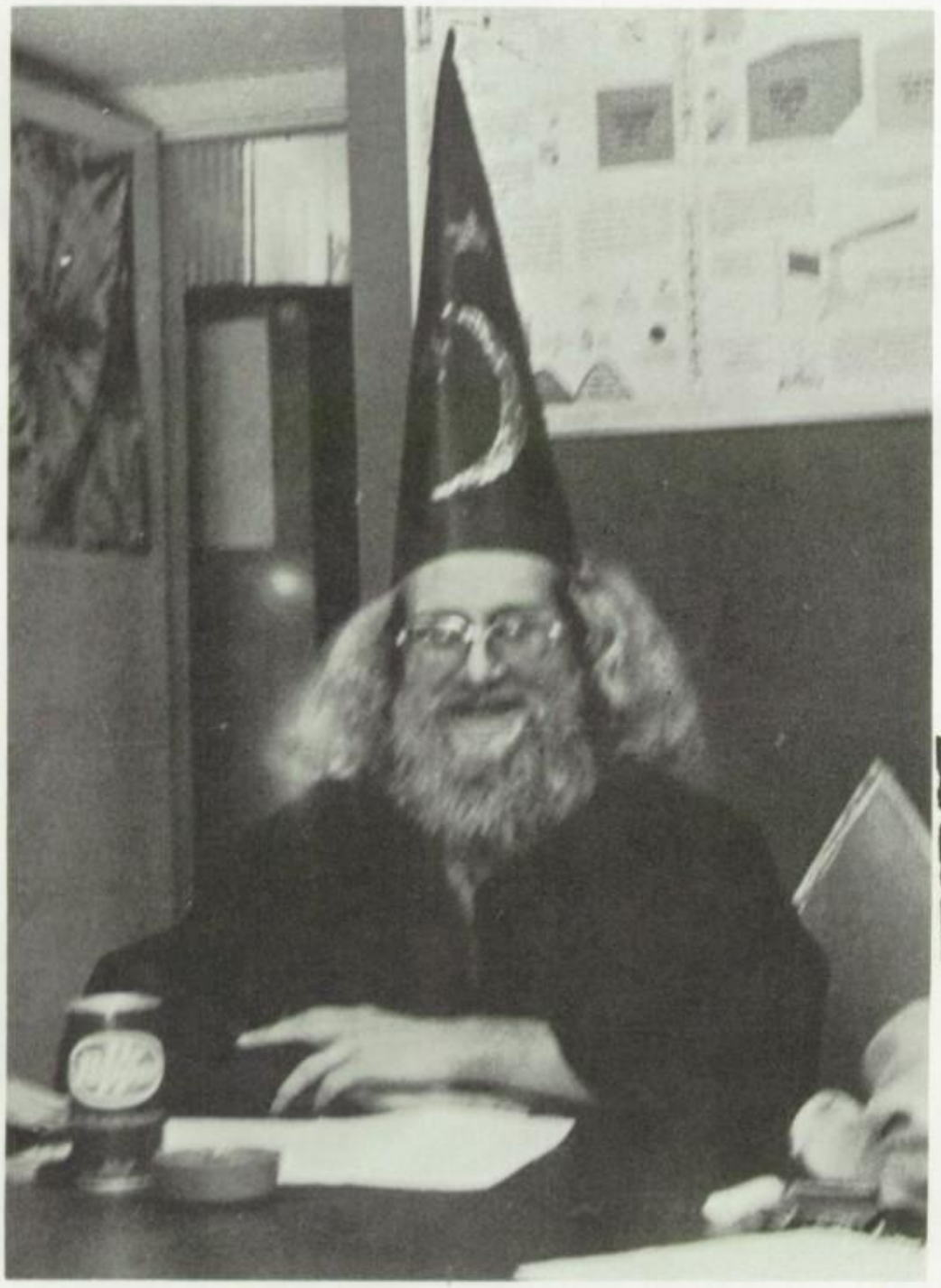


DON TRIGGS

CATHY JOHNS

GENTRY (GEN-TREE): A FORM OF TERMINAL MADNESS.
"HE PLEADED TEMPORARY GENTRY AT HIS MURDER TRIAL."

MATT GENTRY



PAUL SHEFFIELD

I HAVE NO PARTICULAR TALENT.
I AM MERELY EXTREMLY INQUISTIVE.

JOE TURNER

FAIRFAX HALL
MILITARY PRISON
ACADEMY
FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA

If your little tyke has been naughty and a wap on the bottom doesn't always seem enough, maybe you should turn him over to us. We're specialists in the field of talking good old common sense into children. It's never too soon to instill in a child the values by which our society functions. Our instructors, or "screws," as we jokingly call them, give freely of their time, insuring that each child gets the individual attention he might require. We take pride in nipping problems in the bud, as it were. There is great satisfaction in the fact that not one of our graduates has ever had to be put in a "real" house of detention. Visiting day is every third Sunday from 2:00 P.M. to 4:00 P.M.

SUSAN MORTON

ILENE JACOBS

TRUE GREATNESS, LIKE A RIVER,
THE DEEPER IT IS,
THE LESS NOISE IT MAKES.

JOHN VERSFELT

GRAY GORNEY

BRAD ROSE

ACCEPT ME AS I AM -
ONLY THEN WILL WE
DISCOVER EACH OTHER.

TANYA HARRIS

STEVE DIMOCK

EARSLEY

Criss Crossen

GEORGE COLES

So that's why I have come here: Some part of me has demanded that I come. That's why I may not explain it now---at least until I am less clear about it. Other parts of me are waiting.

Kenneth Patchen

PAM WELCH

KEN WHITE

LINDA MELTZER

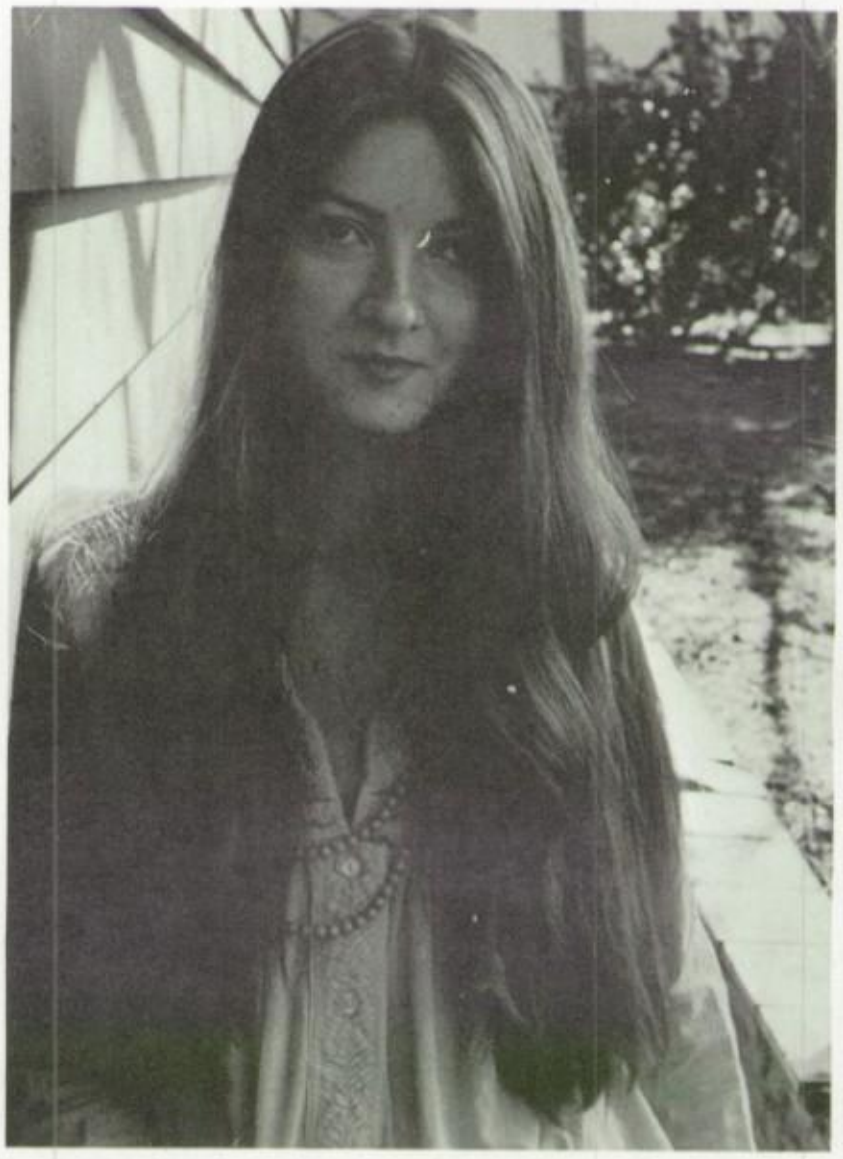
DON ROGERS

Pat Freemon

No one is exempt from talking nonsense;
the only misfortune is to do it solemnly.

JULIE MANNING

KAY KILLIAN



MARY BARNETT

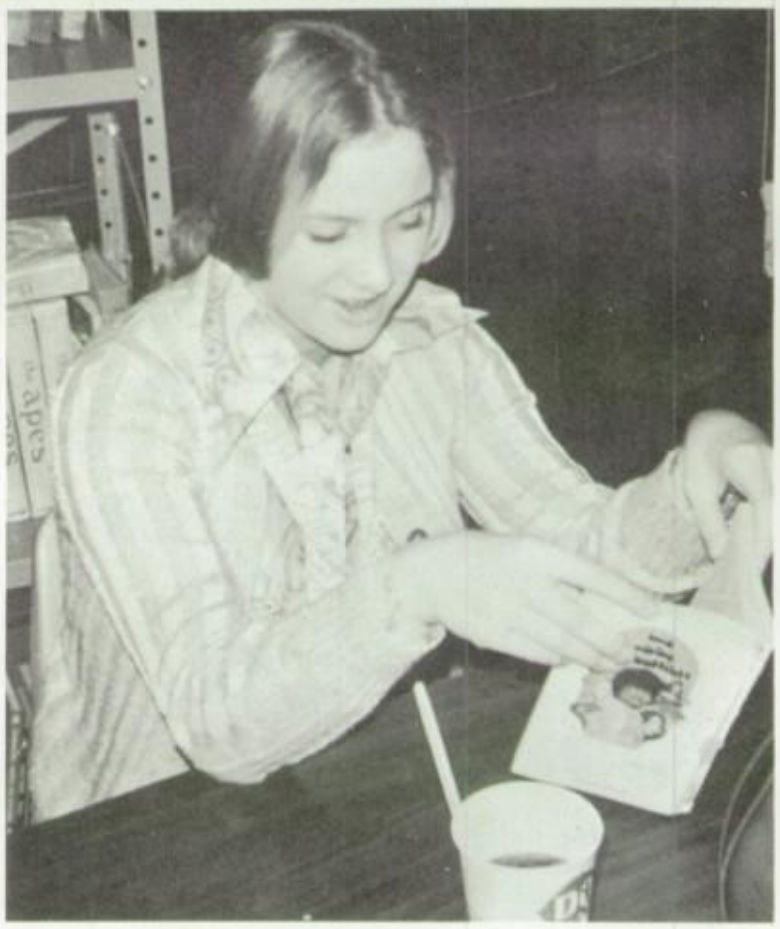
JOAN WILLIAMS

hang in there baby

SENIORS

Mike Moriarty

TAKE LIFE A S IT HAPPENS,
BUT TRY TO MAKE IT HAPPEN
THE WAY YOU WANT TO TAKE.

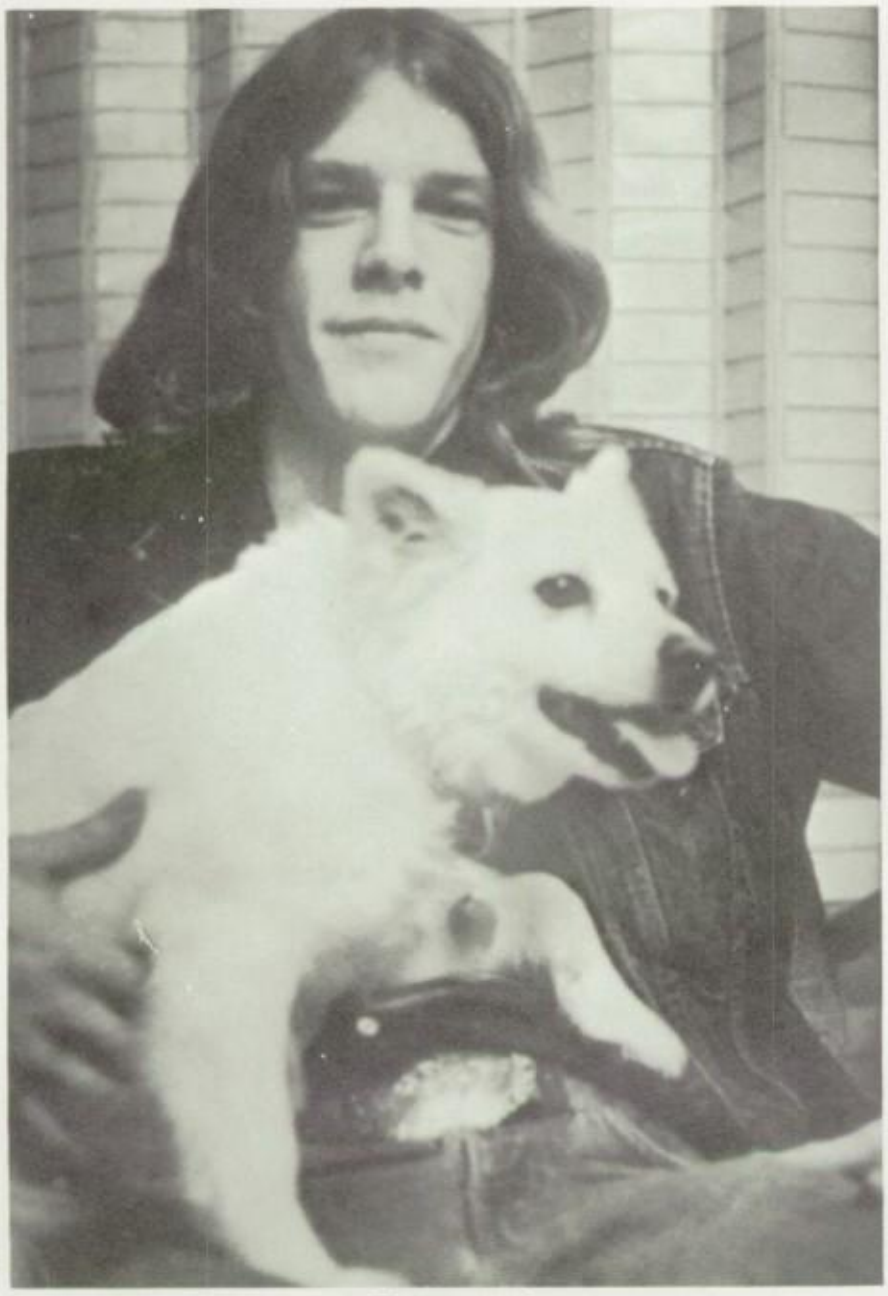


Suzanne Evans

"A STRONG MAN WILL STRUGGLE
TO KILL OR BE KILLED;
A PEACEFUL MAN WILL STRUGGLE
ALWAYS TO PRESERVE LIFE.
OF THESE WHICH IS THE TRULY
BRAVE MAN?"

Kurt Gongelbach

Seniors

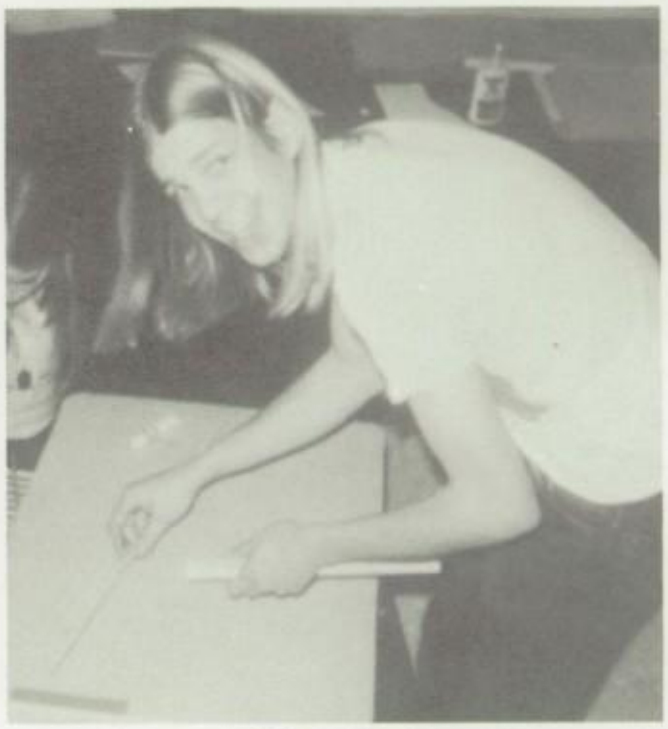


David Walters

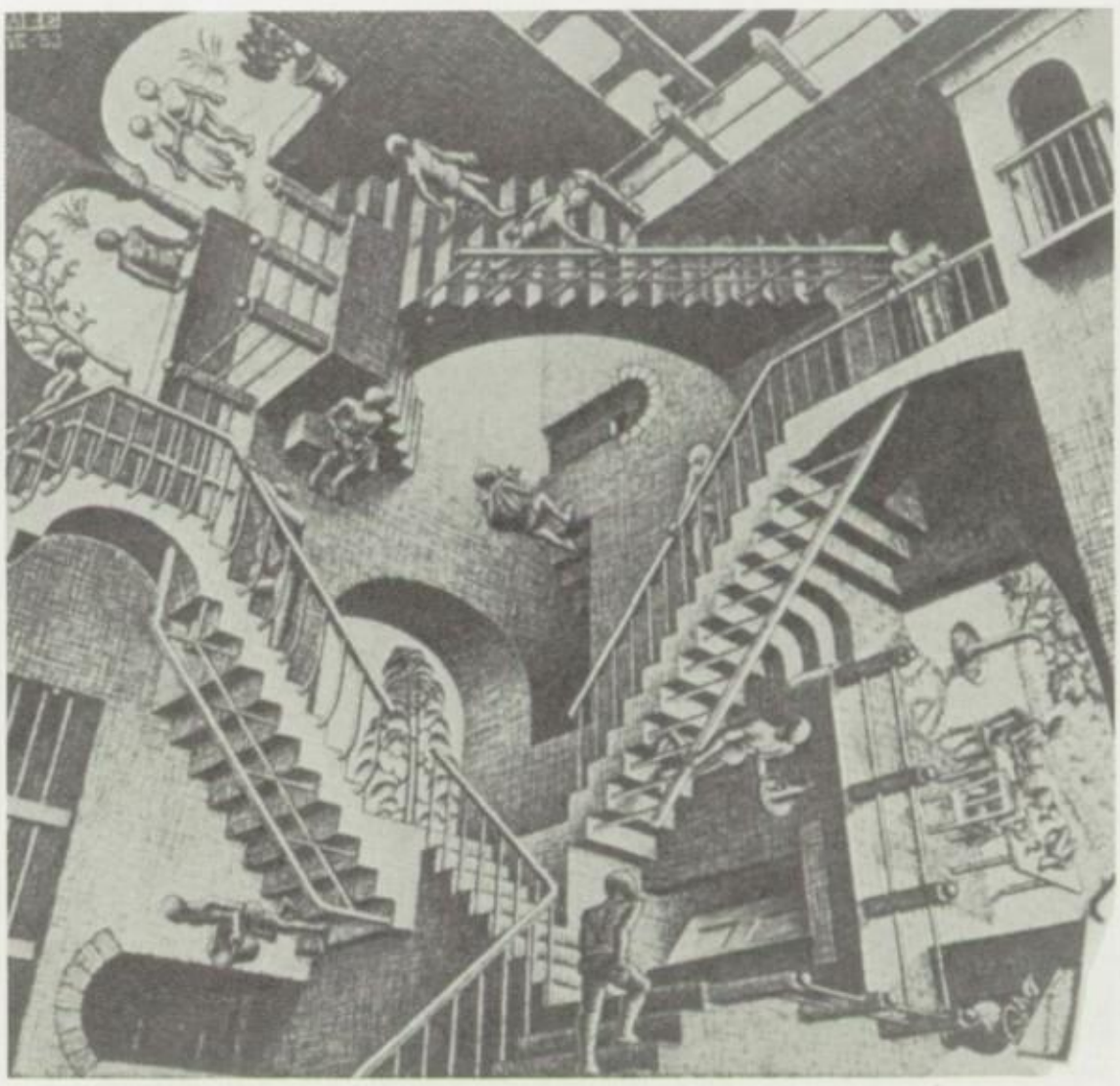
I WILL NEVER FORGET YOU, G. F.
BEST OF LUCK IN EVERYTHING YOU DO.

JANE LINCOLON

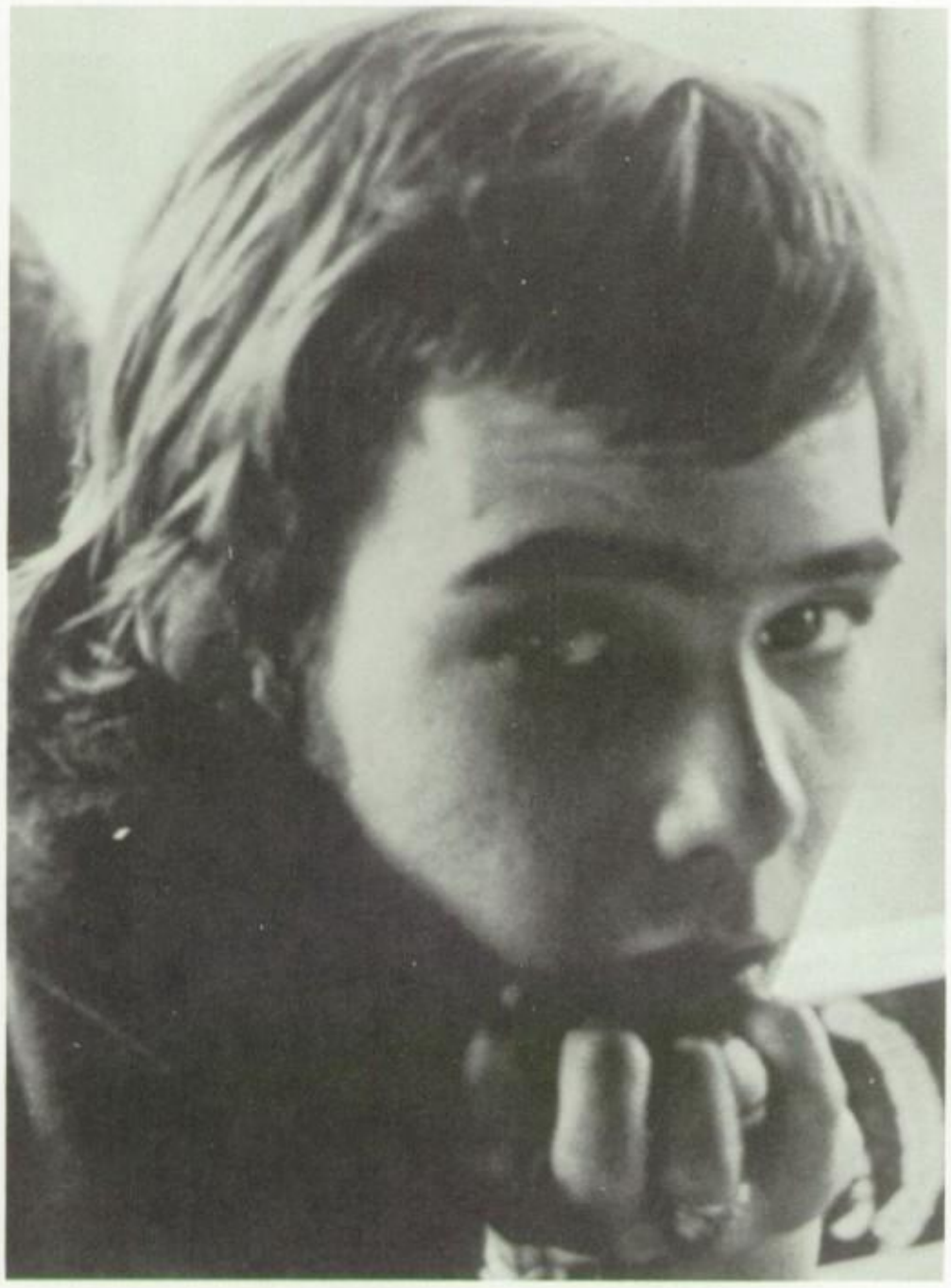
Jane Lincoln

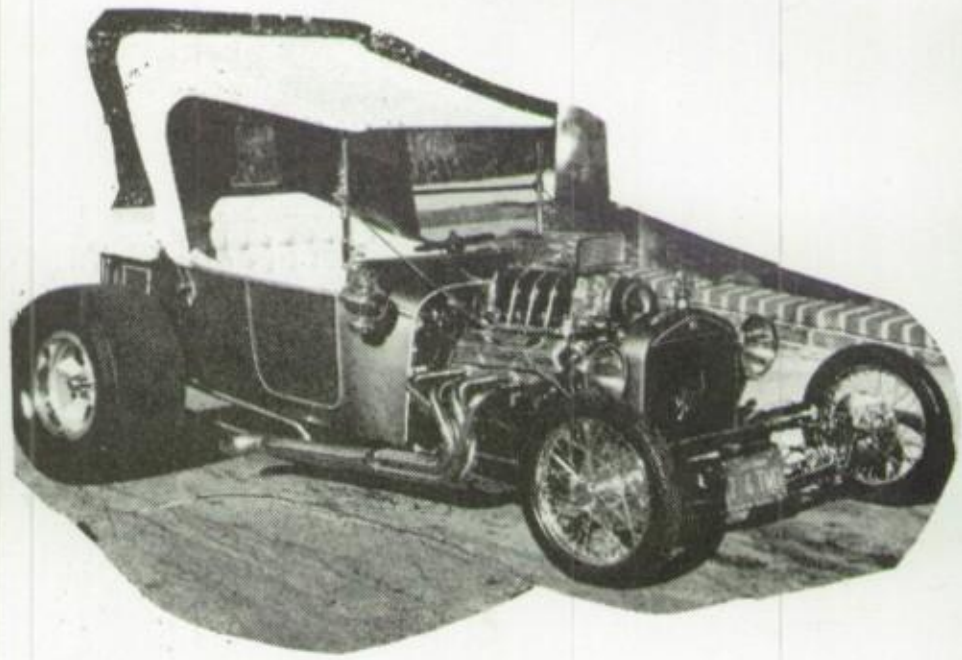


Dan Gay



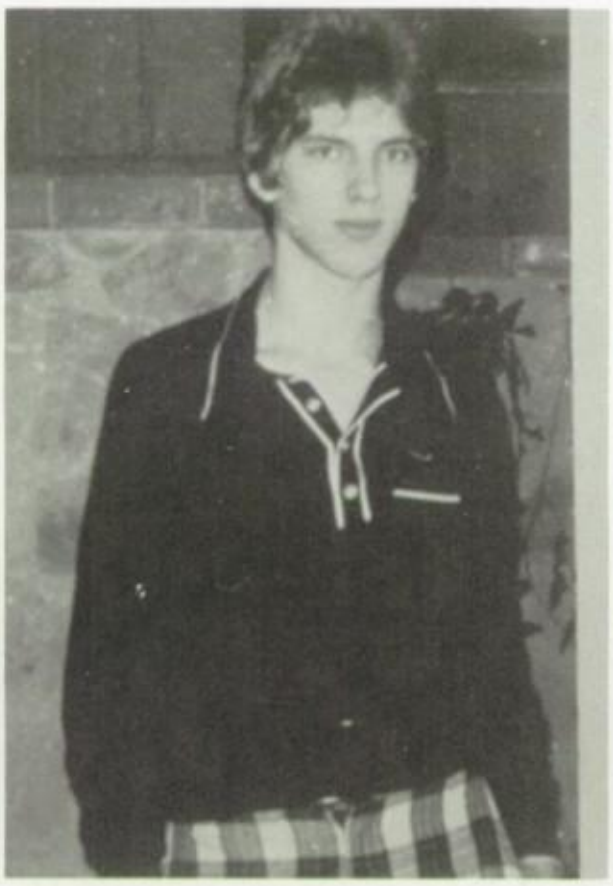
Seniors





COUNSEL IS MINE. SOUND WISDOM
I AM UNDERSTANDING.

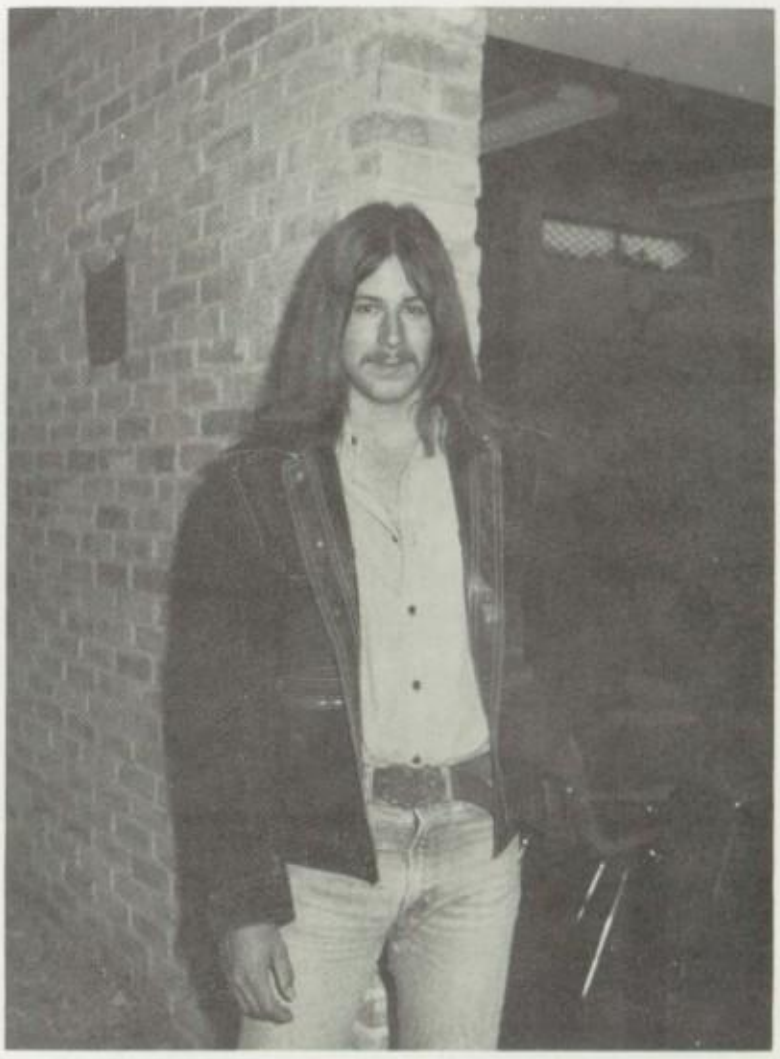
John Strum



Peace Mesenbach

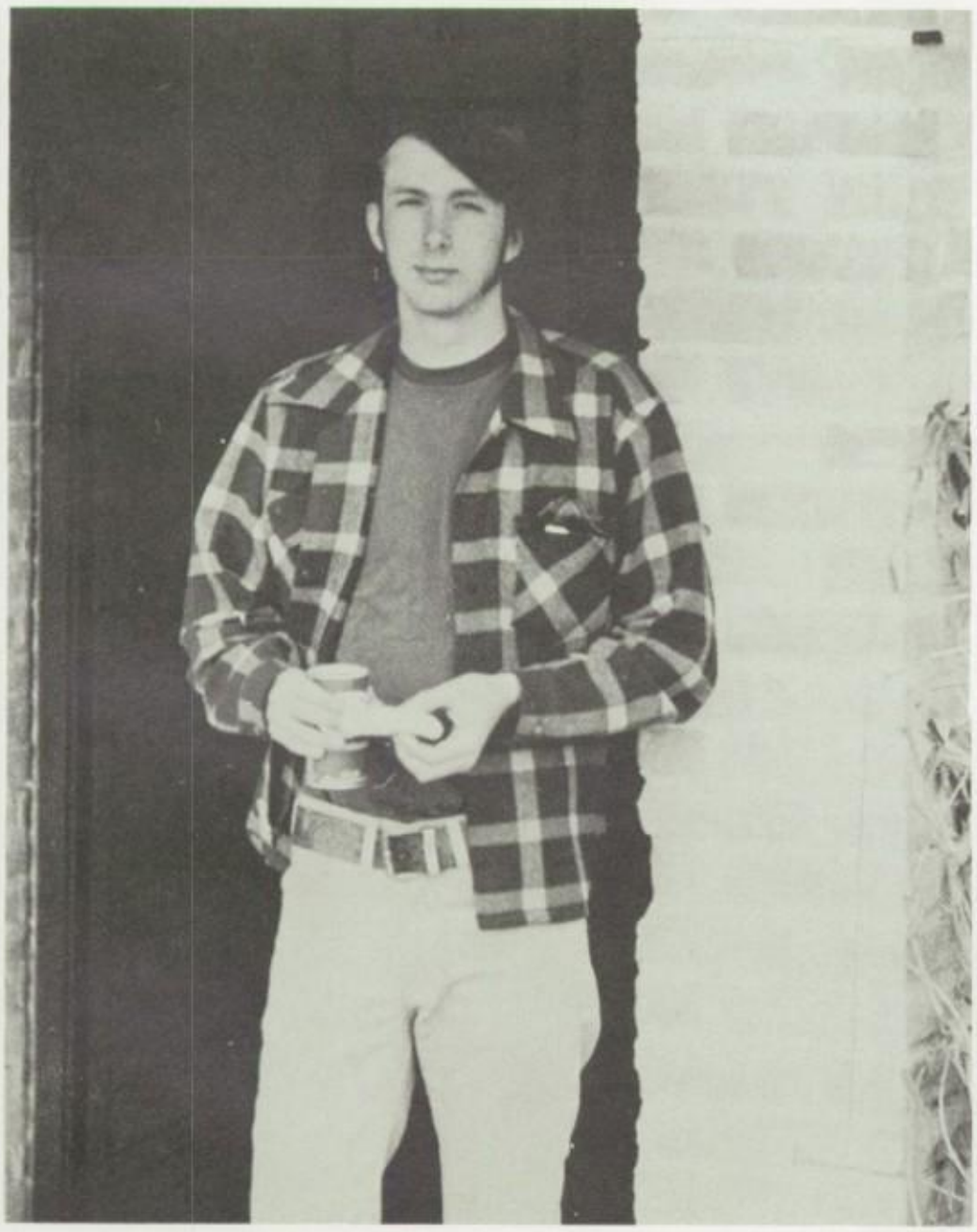
Joan Williams

Bonnie Goodart



Marc Briggs

Seniors



"THE MOUNTIAN IS BEAUTIFUL WITH SNOW. BUT AFTER IT LOSES ITS SNOW, GREEN GROWS FROM UNDERNEATH. IN EVERY LOSS THERE IS A GAIN, AS IN EVERY GAIN THERE IS LOSS.

Steve Hay

Seniors

I LOOK OUT OF THIS WINDOW--
THAT IS WHAT IT IS LIKE THERE,
FOR ALL WHO LOOK OUT OF WINDOWS,
FROM APARTMENTS, FROM FARMHOUSES,
FROM CHURCHES, JAILS, SCHOOLROOMS,
CITYHALLS: THE SKY AND A STREET,
FIELDS, BRIDGES, WATERFALLS. . .
MY GOD! THESE ARE ALL SUCH STRANGE
THINGS! AND THOSE "PEOPLE" MOVING
THERE, WHAT EXTRAORDINARY FANTASTIC
CREATURES!

KENNETH PATCHEN

Mike SLOAN

Susan Morton

AND THIS DELIGHTFUL HERB WHOSE
LIVING GREEN.
FLEDGES THE RIVER'S HIP ON WHICH
WE LEAN--
AH, LEAN UPON IT LIGHTLY! FOR WHO
KNOWS
FROM WHAT ONCE LOVELY LIP IT
SPRINGS UNSEEN

OMAR KHAYY'AM

THE SUN WAS SHINING ON THE SEA
SHINING WITH ALL HIS MIGHT,
HE DID HIS VERY BEST TO MAKE
THE BILLOWS SMOOTH AND BRIGHT.
AND THIS WAS ODD, BECUASE IT WAS
THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

C.S. LEWIS

Katy Kingsley

Seniors

Cynthia Smith

SELF EPITAPH

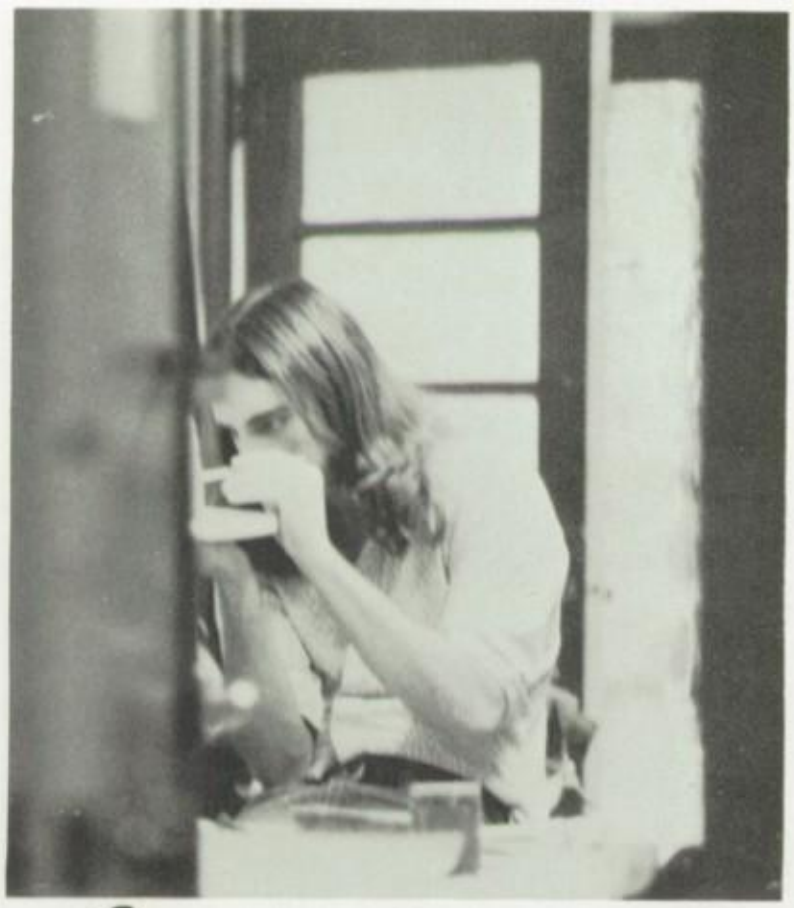
LET IT NOT BE SAID
THAT BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHO SHE WAS
SHE WASN'T SOMEONE.
THAT BECUAUSE SHE DIDN'T KNOW
HOW TO HELP THE WORLD
SHE DIDN'T TRY
THAT BECAUSE SHE DIDN'T KNOW
WHERE TO GO
SHE WASN'T FREE.
LET IT ONLY BE SAID
THAT SHE LOVED THE WIND AND RAIN
AND THE GENTLE TOUCH
OF ANOTHER'S HAND.
LET IT ONLY BE SIAD
THAT ONCE IN A WHILE
SHE LIVED.

ANONYMOUS

Seniors

Elyabeth Bennett

TO LOOK UP AND NOT DOWN,
TO LOOK FORWARD AND NOT BACK,
TO LOOK OUT AND NOT IN.



Barnaby Schreiseisen

WHERE?

THERE'S A PLACE THE MAN ALWAYS SAY
COME IN HERE, CHILD
NO CAUSE YOU SHOULD WEEP
WOLF NEVER CATCH THE RABBIT
GOLDEN HAIR NEVER TURN WHITE WITH GREIF
COME IN HERE, CHILD
NO CAUSE YOU SHOULD MOAN
BROTHER NEVER HURT HIS BROTHER
NOBODY HERE EVER WANDER WITHOUT A HOME
THERE MUST BE SOME SUCH PLACE SOMEWHERE
BUT I NEVER HEARD OF IT.

KENNETH PATCHEN

Melinda Smith

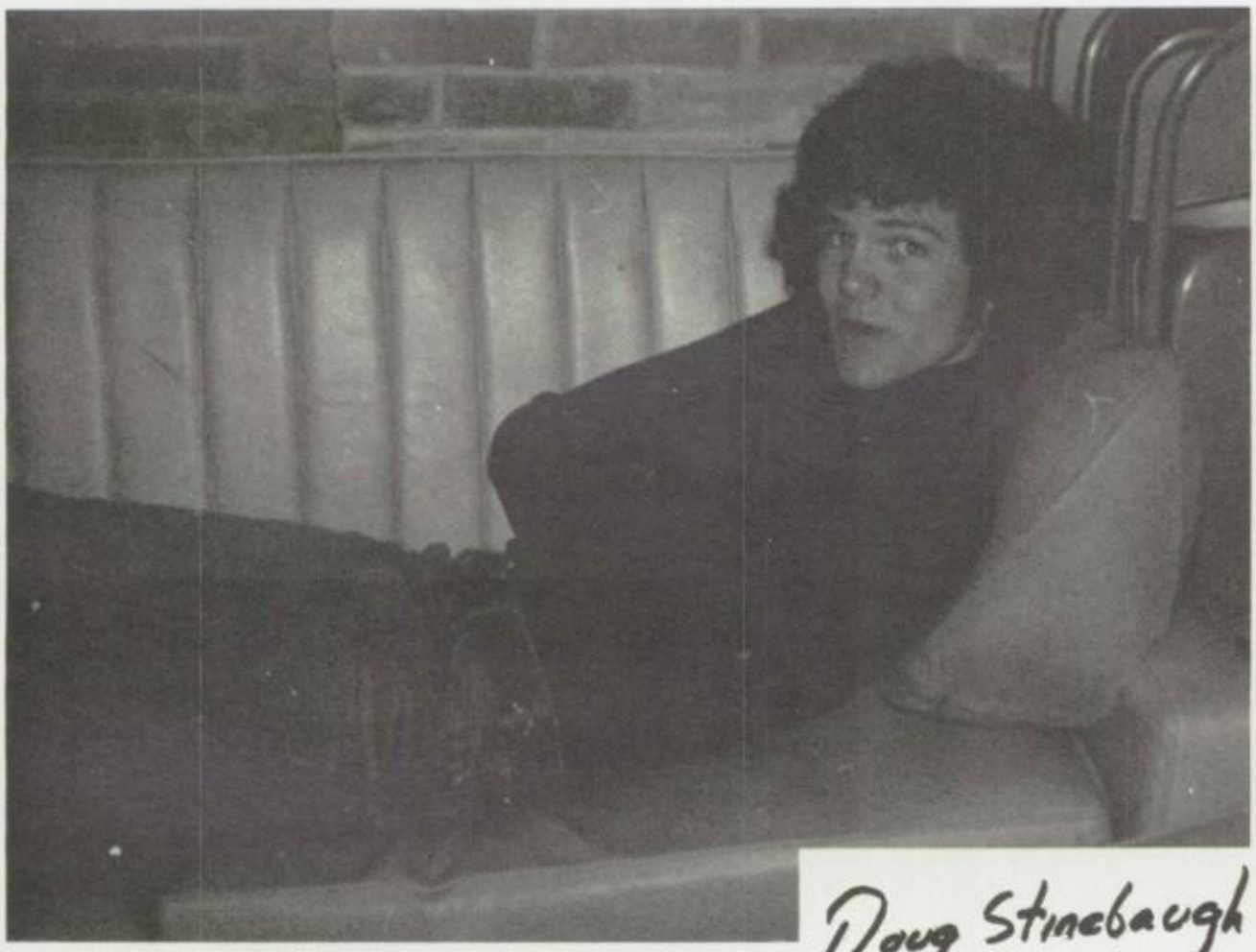
WE KID ABOUT A LOT
OF THINGS
THAT YOU DON'T THINK
ARE FUNNY
BUT STILL YOU LAUGH AND
MOST IMPORTANT
(JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE YOU)
I KNOW YOU ARE MY FRIEND.

ROBERT O. HARRIS

Seniors

Vicky Valentine

Dave Woodard



Doug Stinebaugh

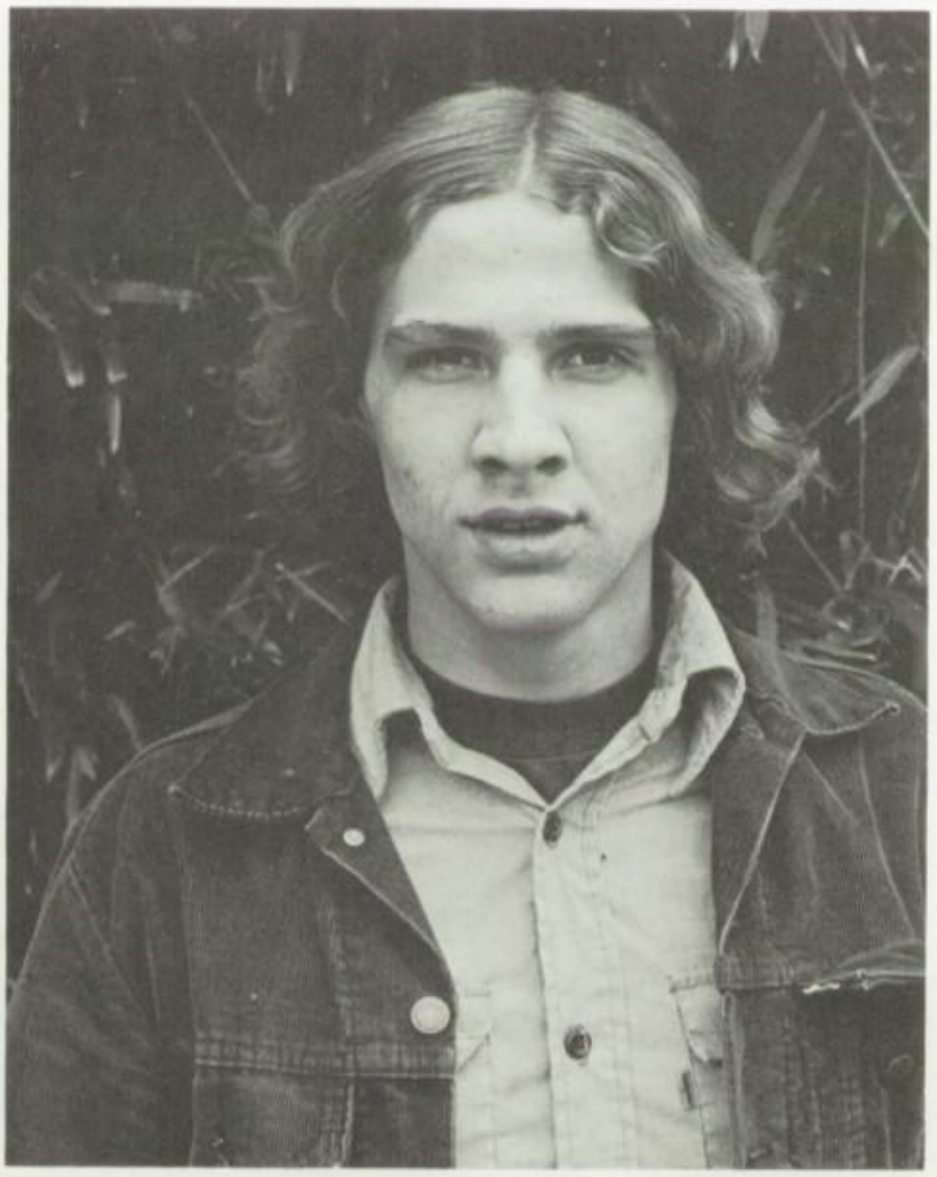
PARA MI SOLO RECORRER LOS CAMINOS QUE TIENEN CORAZON,
CUALQUIER CAMINO QUE TENGA CORAZ N. POR AHI YO RECORRO,
Y LA UNICA PRUEBA QUE VALE ES ATRVESAR TODO SU LARGO
Y POR AHI YO RECORRO MIRANDO, MIRANDO SIN ALIENTO.

Tammy Parsons

IF TODAY WAS NOT AN ENDLESS HIGHWAY;
IF TONIGHT WAS NOT A CROOKED TRAIL;
IF TOMORROW WASN'T SUCH A LONGTIME;
THEN LONESOME WOULD MEAN NOTHING
TO YOU AT ALL.

I CAN'T SEE MY REFLECTION IN THE WATERS;
I CAN'T SPEAK THE SOUNDS THAT SHOW NO PAIN;
I CAN'T HEAR THE ECHO OF MY FOOTSTEPS;
OR CAN'T REMEMBER THE SOUND OF MY NAME.

TOMORROW IS A LONG TIME
BY BOB DYLAN



CHARLES HOLT

Jeannie Fitzgerald

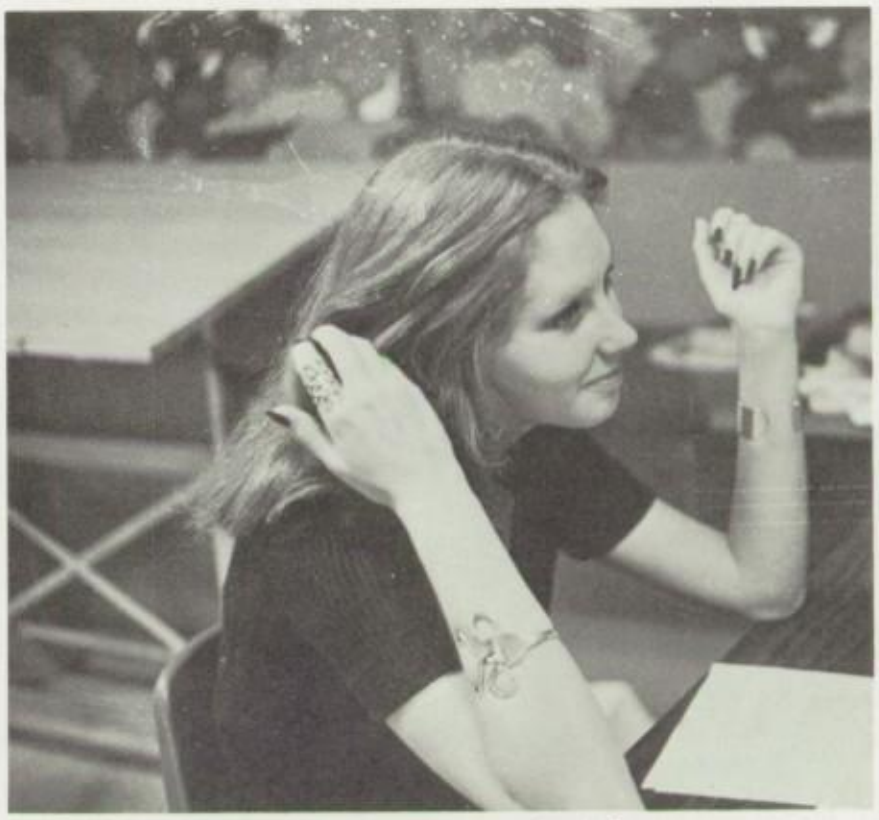
Seniors

Paul Sawyer

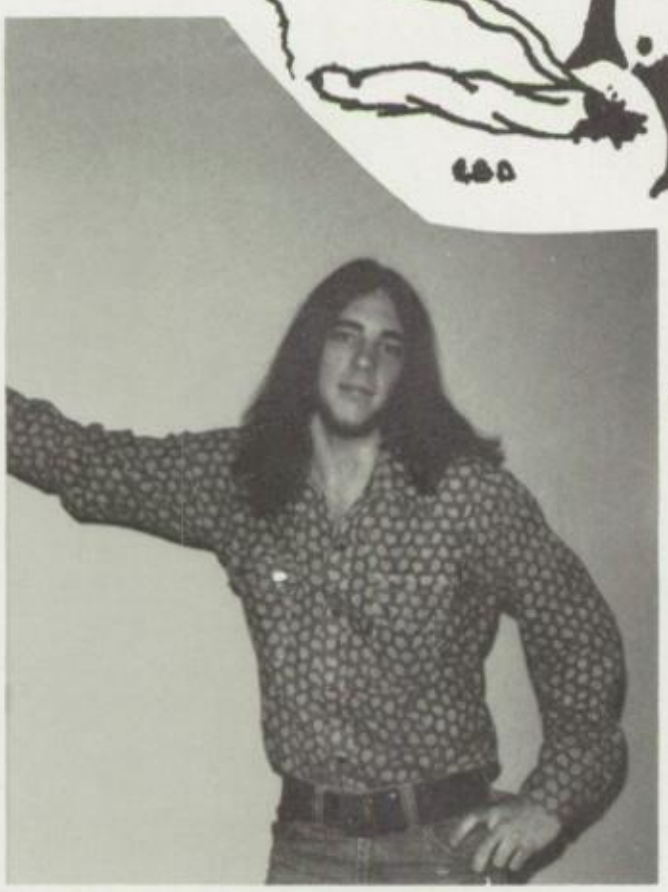
Seniors

Steve Murray

DO NOT FOLLOW WHERE THE PATH LEADS.
RATHER, GO WHERE THERE IS NO PATH
AND LEAVE A TRAIL.



Elaine Reed



HOLD FAST TO DREAMS,
FOR IF DREAMS DIE,
LIFE IS LIKE A
BROKEN WINGED BIRD
THAT CANNOT FLY.

Bob Tomsic

Doak Boettiger

SENIORS

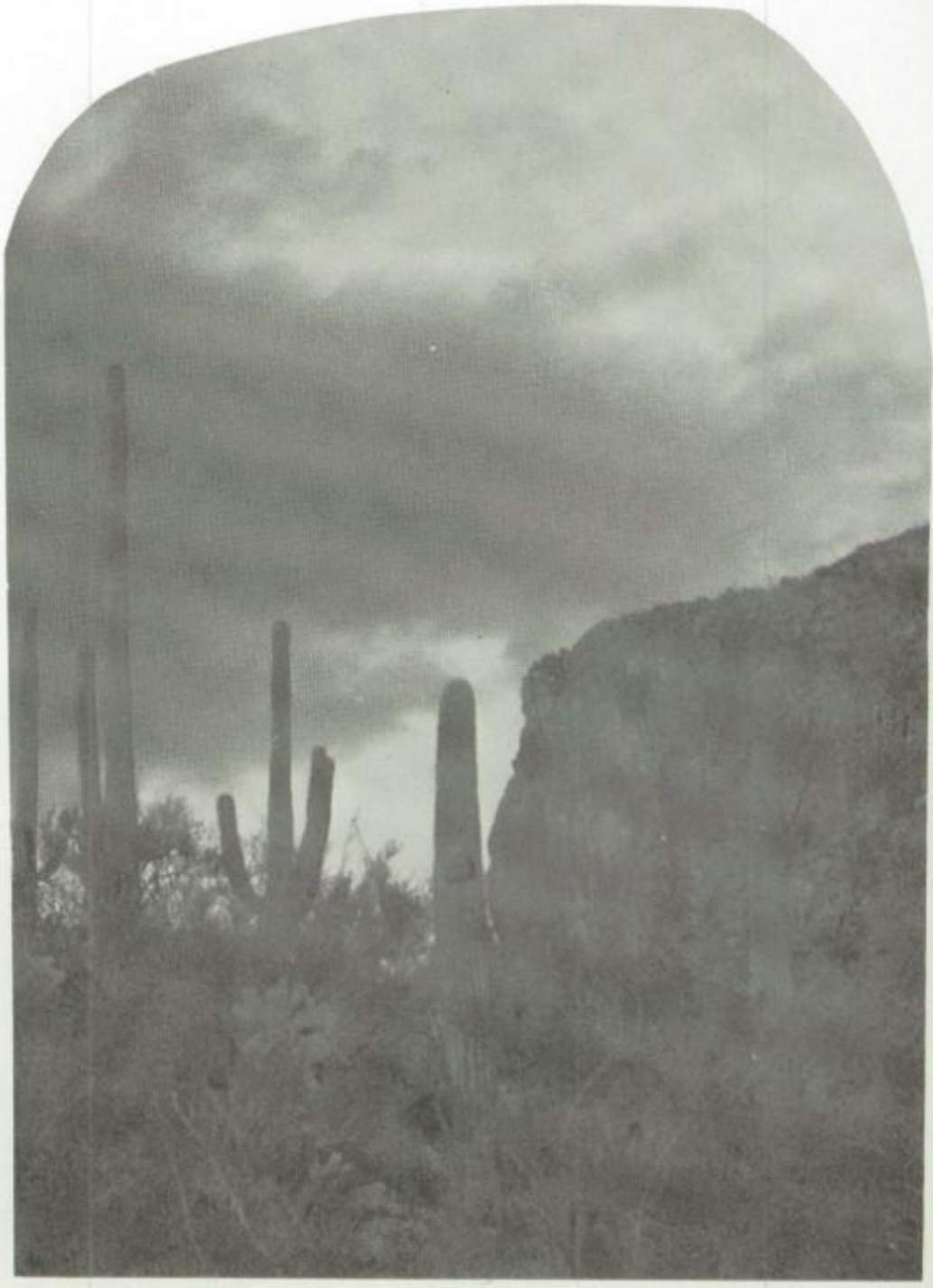
WHERE?

THERE'S A PLACE THE MAN ALWAYS SAY
COME IN HERE, CHILD
NO CAUSE YOU SHOULD WEEP
WOLF NEVER CATCH THE RABBIT
GOLDEN HAIR NEVER TURN WHITE WITH GRIEF
COME IN HERE, CHILD
NO CAUSE YOU SHOULD MOAN
BROTHER NEVER HURT HIS BROTHER
NOBODY HERE EVER WANDER WITHOUT A HOME
THERE MUST BE SOME SUCH PLACE SOMEWHERE
BUT I NEVER HEARD OF IT.

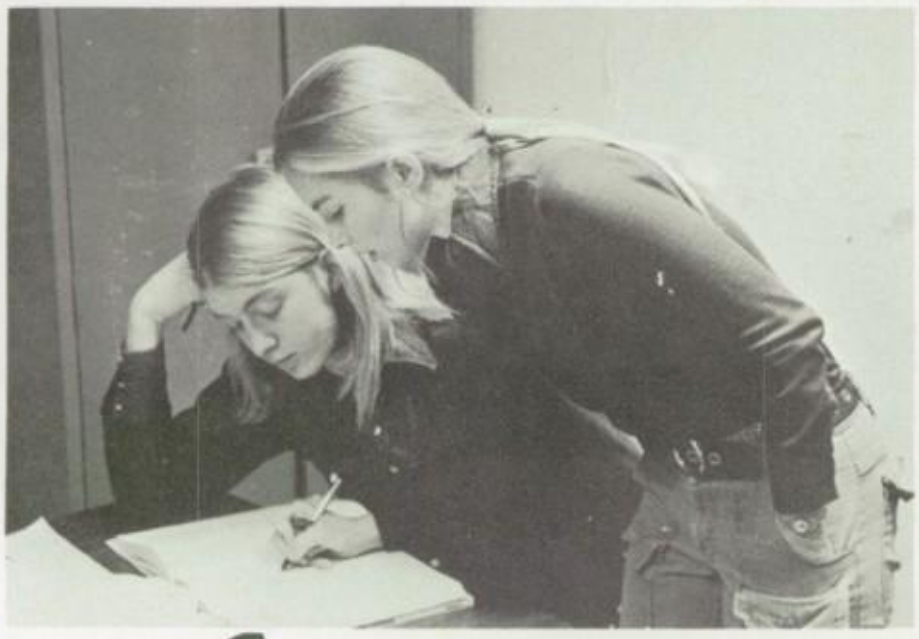
KENNETH PATCHEN

Phillip Stineland

LARRY CONAWAY



Seniors



Craig Ottway

LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD
ON MY WINDOW SILL
FLY AWAY, FLY AWAY
BEFORE YOU GET KILLED.
LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD
LYING THERE SO STILL,
WHY DIDN'T YOU DO WHAT I SAID,
NOW YOU ARE DEAD.

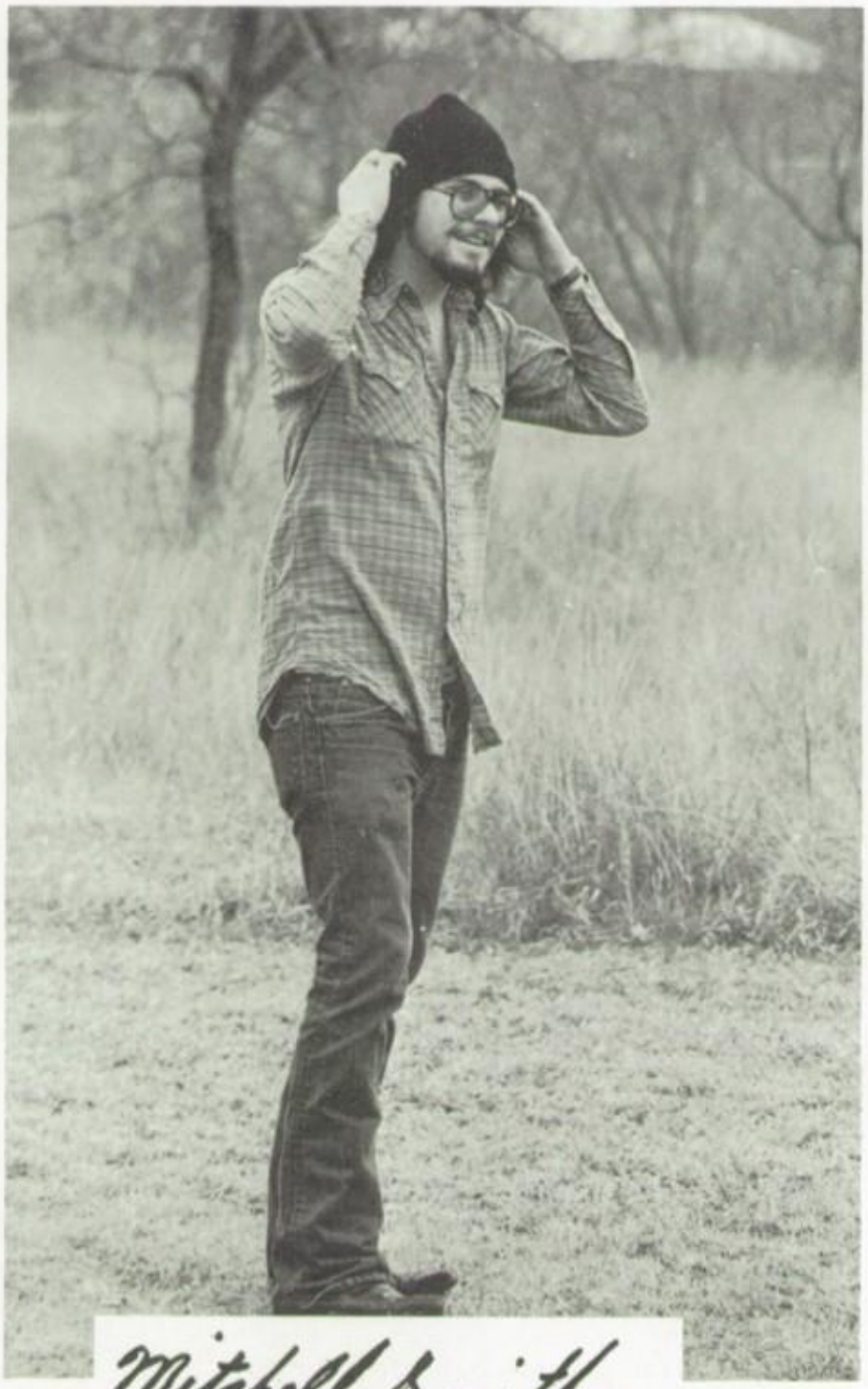
CRAIG OTTWAY

O! O!

I'M SURPRISE SO MANY EUCALYPTUS TREE
AIN'T A CHESTNUT.
BE ALMOST MORE COMFORTABLE,
IF THEY WANTED TO BE ONE,
AND NOBODY MINDED ANY.
LIKE YOU SEE SO MANY TIRED LITTLE MULE
CAN'T BE A DRAGONFLY,
AND STICK HIS HEAD IN THE WATER.
UNLESS THEY ALREADY ARE
WHAT SOMEBODY ELSE DON'T WANT TO BE,
OR VICE VERSA.

KENNETH PATCHEN

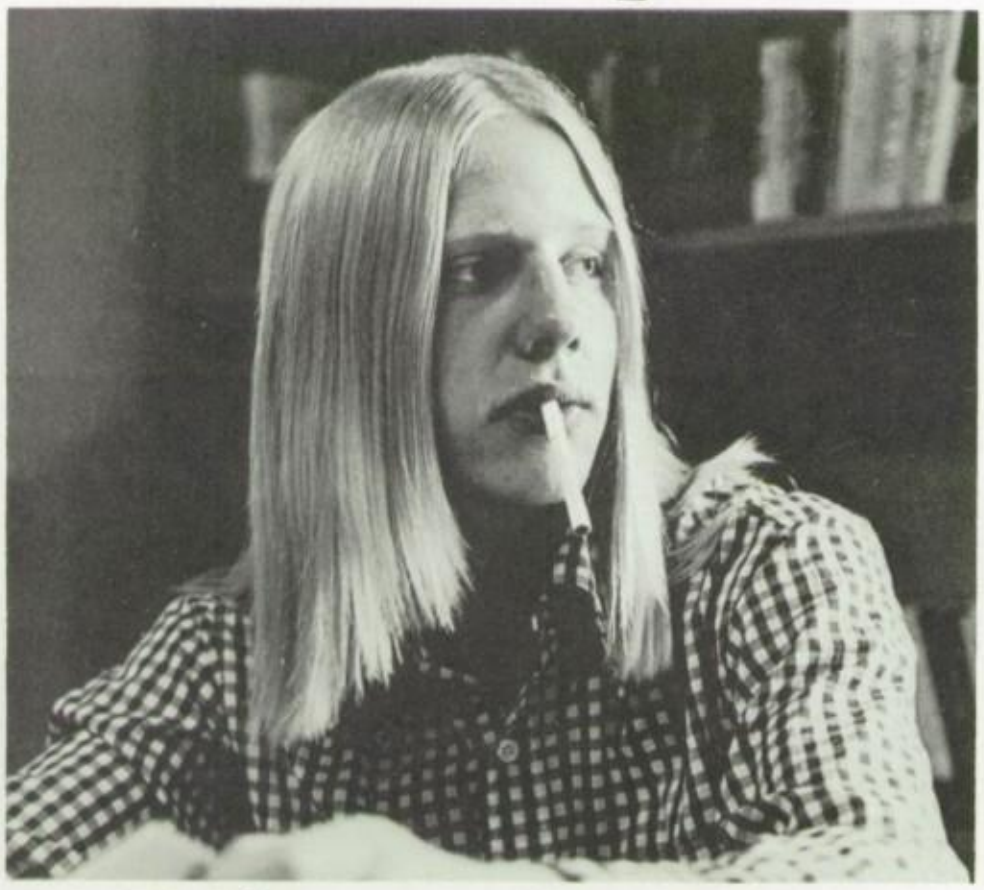
Lisa Weedon



Mitchell Smithey

Jackie Dodd

CAUSE IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE GOTTA GIVE UP
SUCH A PIECE OF YOUR SOUL
WHEN YOU GIVE UP THE CHASE
FEELING IT HOT AND COLD
YOU'RE IN ROCK'N'ROLL
IT'S THE NATURE OF THE RACE
IT'S THE UNKNOWN CHILD
SO SWEET AND WILD
IT'S YOUTH
IT'S TOO GOOD TO WASTE

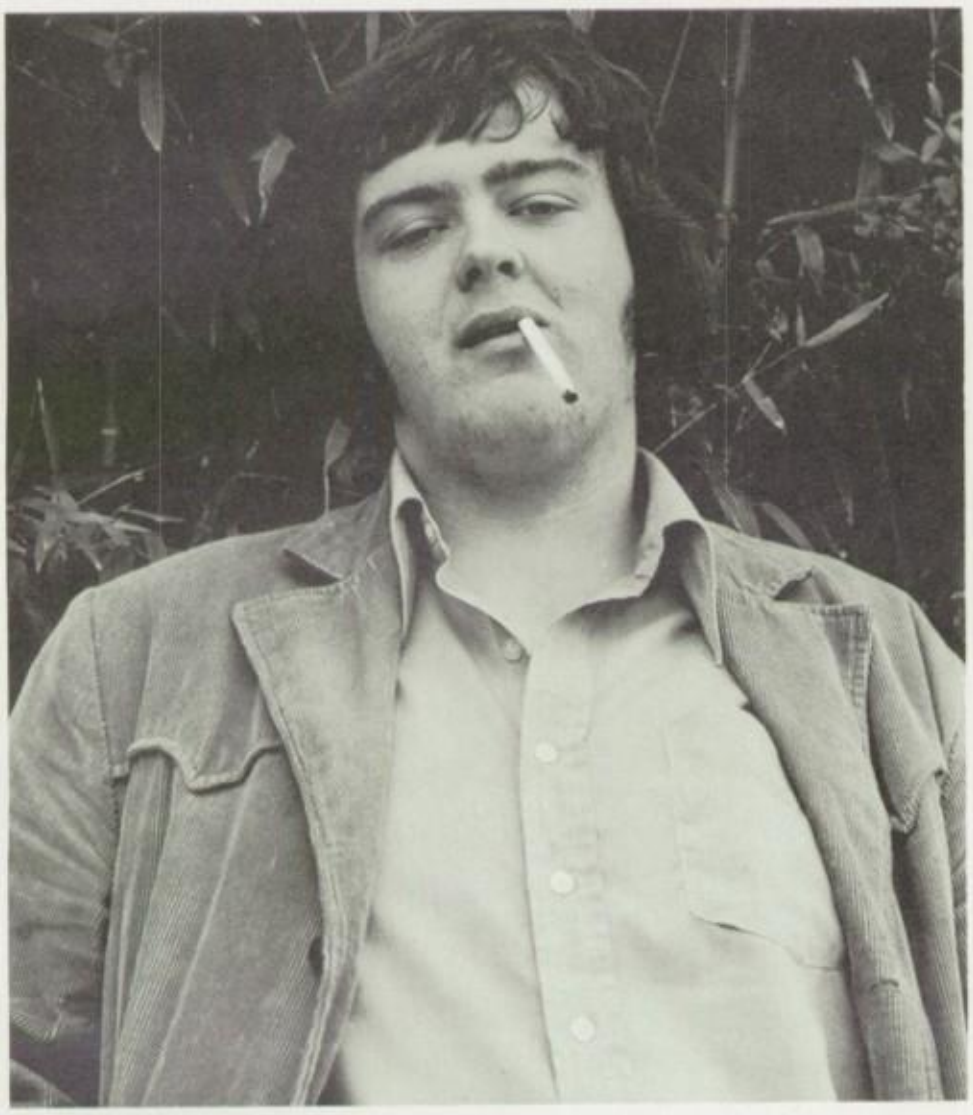


Scott Bricx

Freedom's Just another word For nothin left to lose.

Scott Bricx

SENIORS



Greg

ONCE UPON A
WATERFALL CAME
AN AWFULLY NICE MAN
WHO SAID HOW DO YOU DO
TO WHICH I REPLIED
FINE THANKS AND YOU

NOW IF I WERE TO TELL YOU
THIS SPLENDID YARN
ANOTHER DAY
ANOTHER WAY
IT WOULD IMPROBABLY BE
CONCERNING LAST
MONTHS AMAZING
REPLICA

SO. . .

STEPHEN MCLEOD

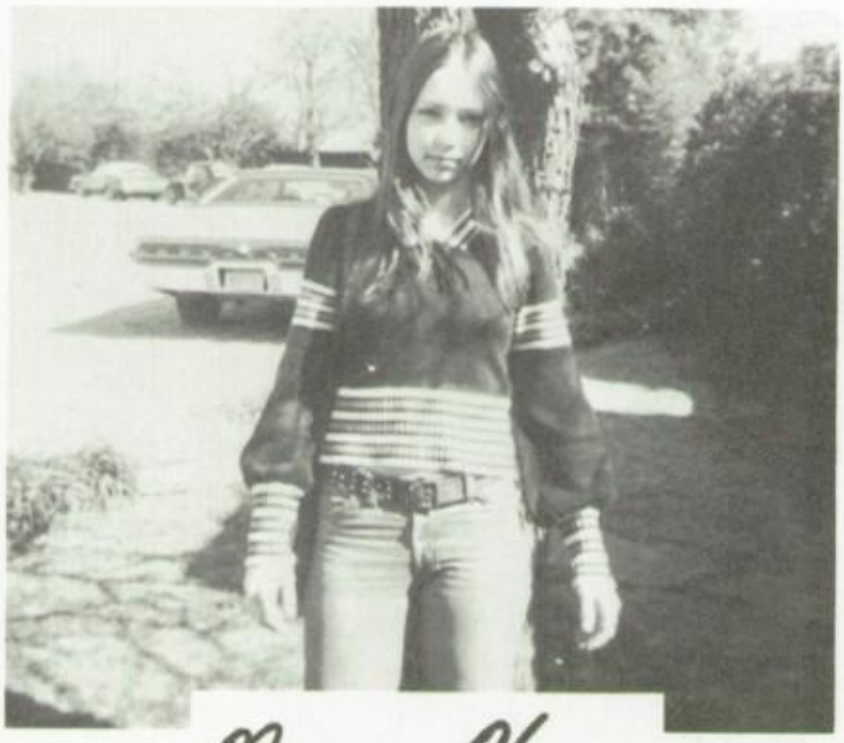
Susie Goldstein

THERE ARE PLACES I'LL REMEMBER
ALL MY LIFE THOUGH SOME HAVE CHANGED.
SOME FOREVER NOT FOR BETTER
SOME HAVE GONE AND SOME REMAIN.
ALL THESE PLACES HAD THEIR MOMENTS
WITH LOVERS AND FRIENDS I STILL RECALL.
SOME ARE DEAD AND SOME ARE LIVING,
IN MY LLIFE I'VE LOVED THEM ALL.

BUT OF ALL THESE FRIENDS AND LOVERS,
THERE IS NO ONE COMPARED WITH YOU,
AND THESE MEMORIES LOSE THEIR MEANING
WHEN I THINK OF LOVE AS SOMETHING NEW.
THOUGH I KNOW I'LL NEVER LOSE AFFECTION
FOR PEOPLE AND THINGS THAT WENT BEFORE,
I KNOW I'LL OFTEN STOP AND THINK ABOUT THEM
IN MY LIFE I'LL LOVE YOU MORE.

JOHN LENNON &

PAUL MCCARTNEY



Nancy Keene

IN CERTAIN MOMENTS OUR EYES CAN SEE
AND OUR EARS CAN HEAR WHAT IS THERE
ABOUT US ALWAYS.

GREG RATHÉ

Seniors

THEN SAID ANOTHER WITH A LONG-DRAWN SIGN,
"MY CLAY WITH LONG OBLIVION IS GONE DRY:
"BUT, FILL ME WITH THE OLD FAMILIAR JUICE,
"METHINKS I MIGHT RECOVER BY-ANDBYE!
OMAR KHAYYA'M

Lauara Deane

CYCLE...AWARNESS...ETERNITY
____SEPT. 17, 2001

Seniors

Karen Custard

Rufus Scruggs

Tracie Wilson

Seniors

"LOVE"

I SAW IT ON ONE OF THOSE DAYS WHEN THE SKY IS DARK BLUE
AND THERE'S BIG PUFFY CLOUDS, AND YOU WISH YOU COULD FLY
WAY UP ABOVE, ONTO SOMETHING YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE.

AND AS I SAT THERE, THE MAGIC FADED AWAY, AND I WATCHED WITH WONDER.

Ilene Jacobs

Brad Rose

Jeff McQuay

TAKE IT FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH

Seniors

THEY ARE FREE WHO DO NOT FEAR TO GO TO THE END OF THEIR THOUGHT.

Mike Noland

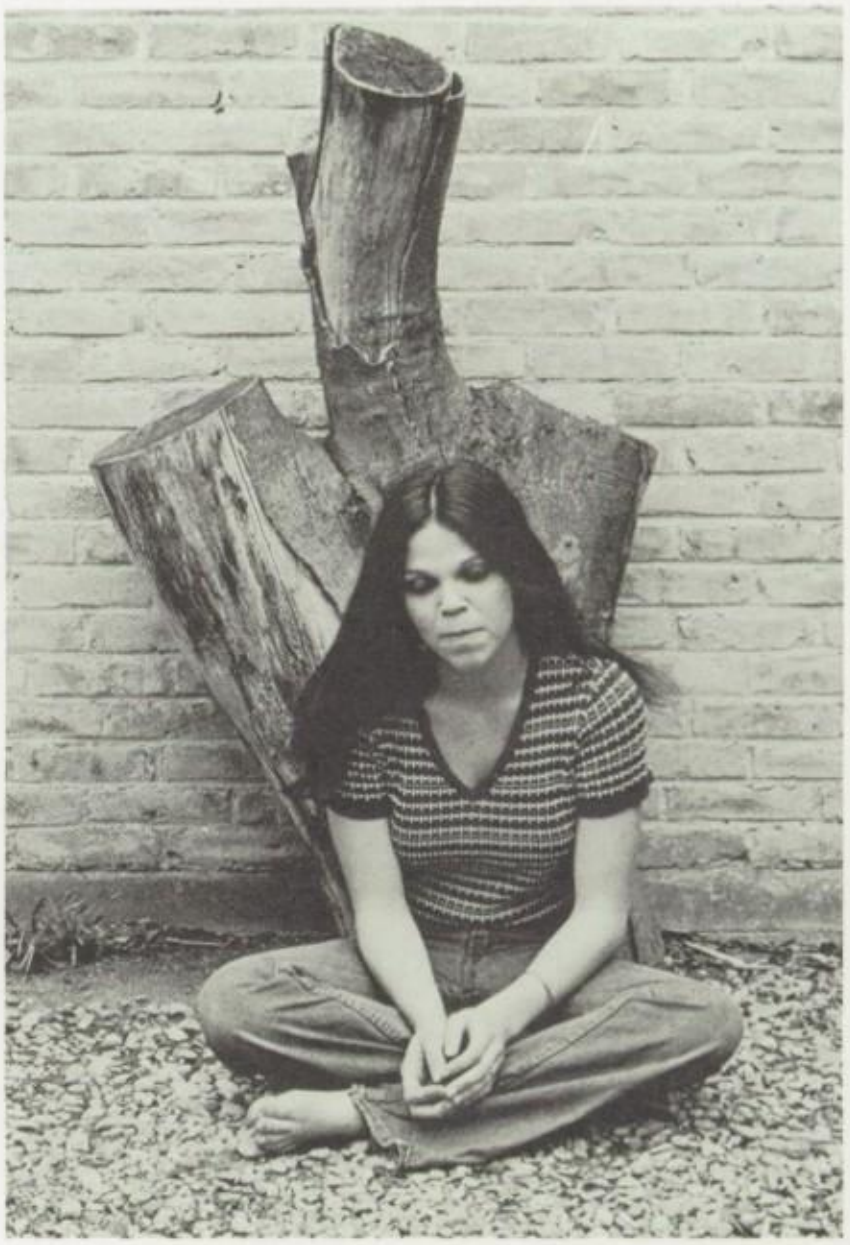
WHAT WILL TOMORROW BRING?
SUNSHINE OR RAIN--
SADNESS OR HAPPINESS--
PLEASURE OR PAIN?

THE ANSWER IS YOURS TO FORM--
START RIGHT AWAY
FOR TOMORROW IS A FLOWER
WITH ITS ROOTS IN TODAY.

P.C. MABRY

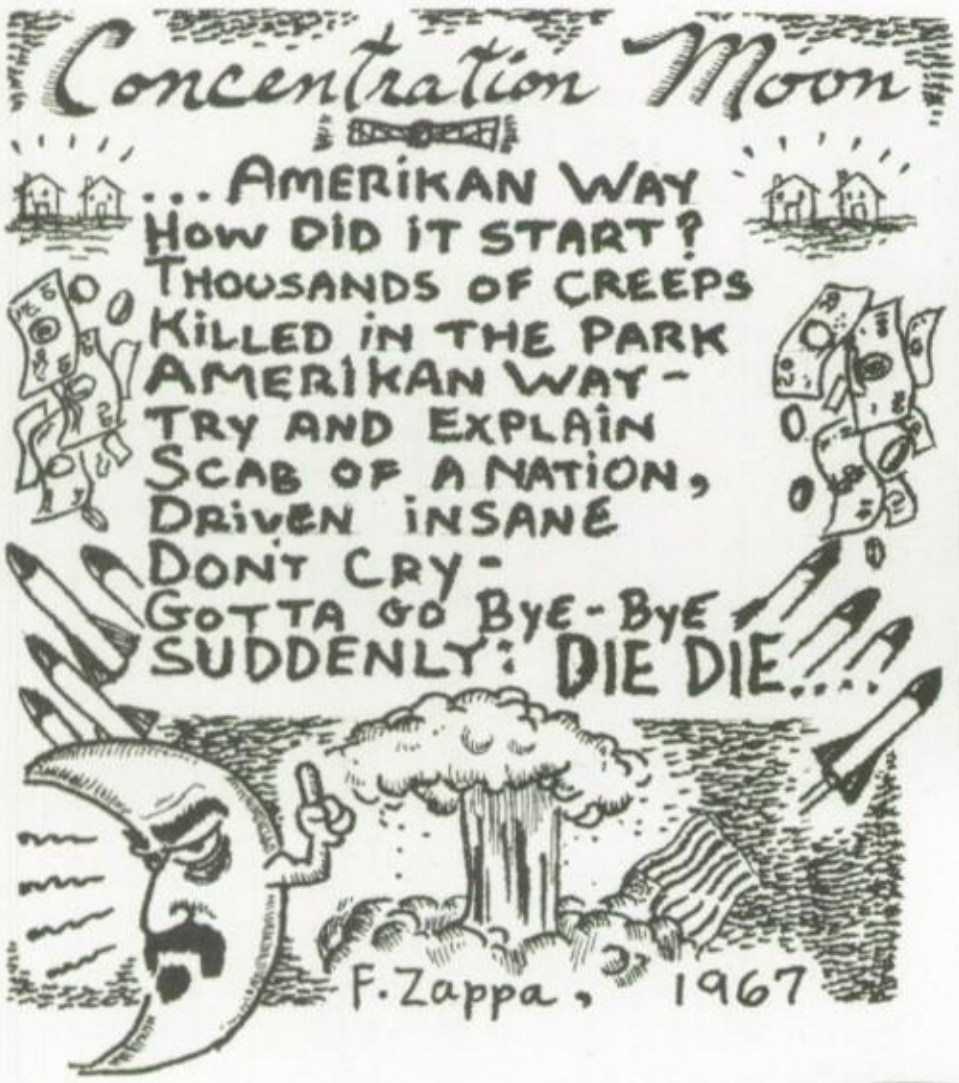
Eric Trueblood

TWO ROADS DIVERGED INTO A WOOD,
AND I - I TOOK THE ONE LESS
TRAVELED BY AND THAT HAS MADE
ALL THE DIFFERANCE



Jimmi Steimbach

ALIAS "HOPALONG"

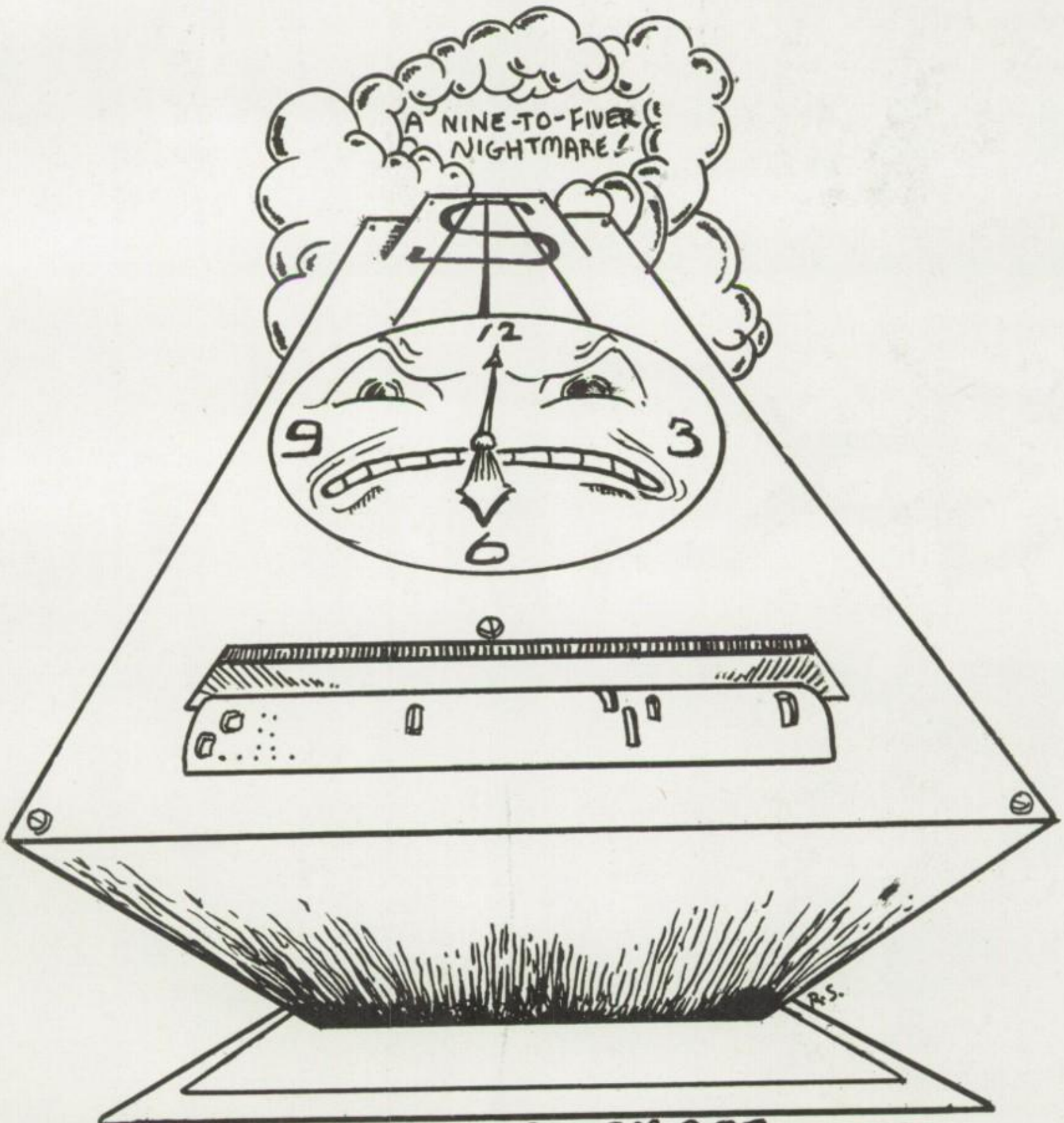


Robert Smith
and COMPANY

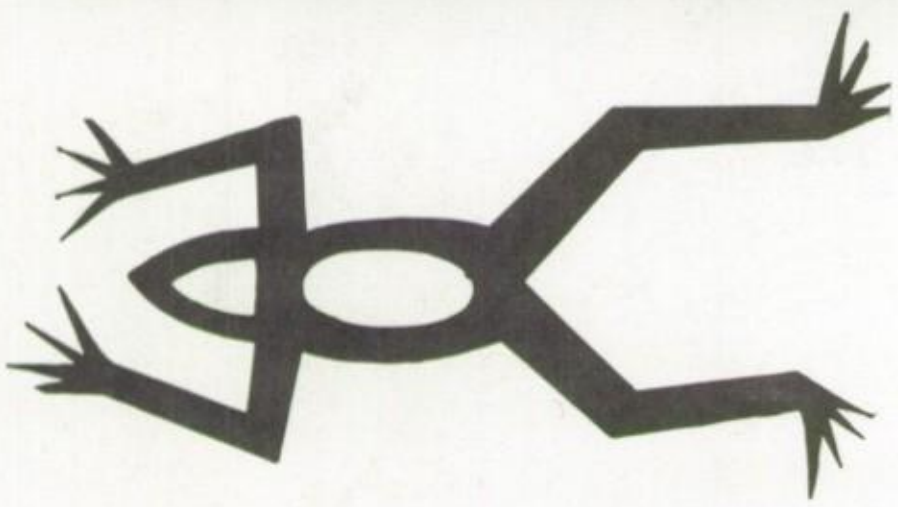
KEEP YOUR FACE TO THE SUNSHINE
AND YOU CANNOT SEE THE SHADOW.

Sweet Jane Blood

PEOPLE and their JOBS



HARRY THE TIME CLOCK SEZ - - - - - - - -
BE A JERK - GO TO WORK.



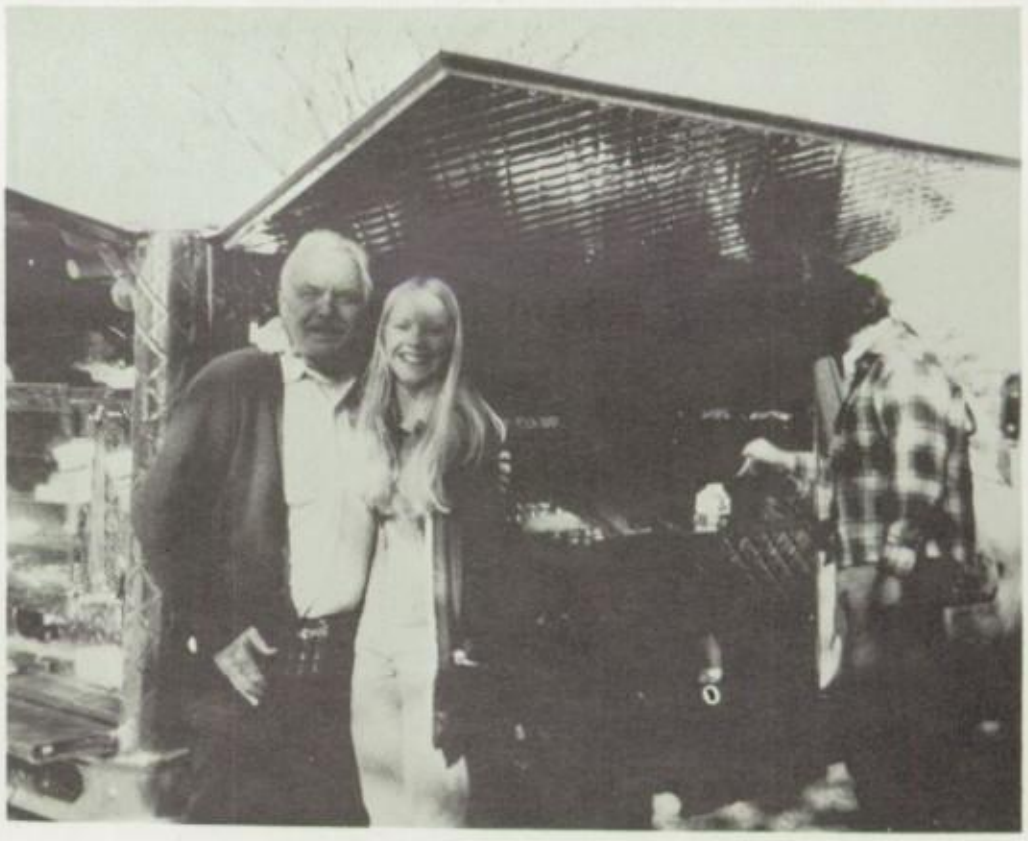
TODAY I HAVE GROWN TALLER FROM
WALKING WITH THE TREES.

DON'T WALK IN FRONT OF ME-
I MAY NOT FOLLOW
DON'T WALK BEHIND ME-
I MAY NOT LEAD.
WALK BESIDE ME-
AND JUST BE MY FRIEND.

I'VE BEEN
TO
GREENWICH
VILLAGE

JOE THE MUNCHIE MAN

KURT GENGLEBACH



"THE ROACH COACH"

DAVID GOODART

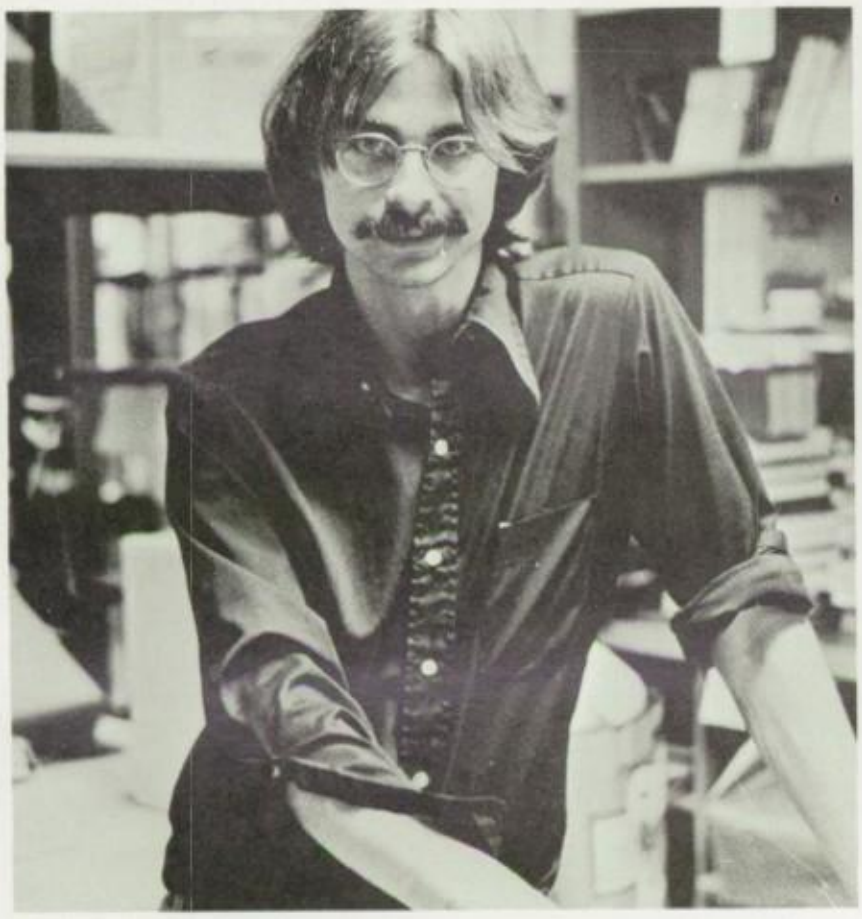
MAMA'S PIZZERIA

Susan Morton
Village Theater

Barnaby Schrenkeisen
Steak & Stuff

Ilene Jacobs
Swensons

MICHEAL FLANAGAN
DOUBLEDAY
BOOK STORE

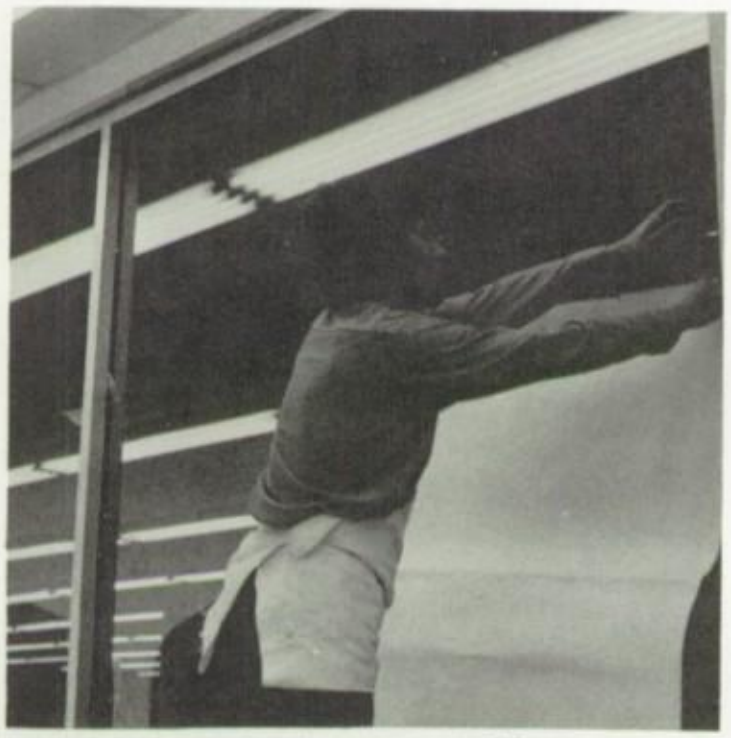


Scott Brix
Leather Balls Saloon

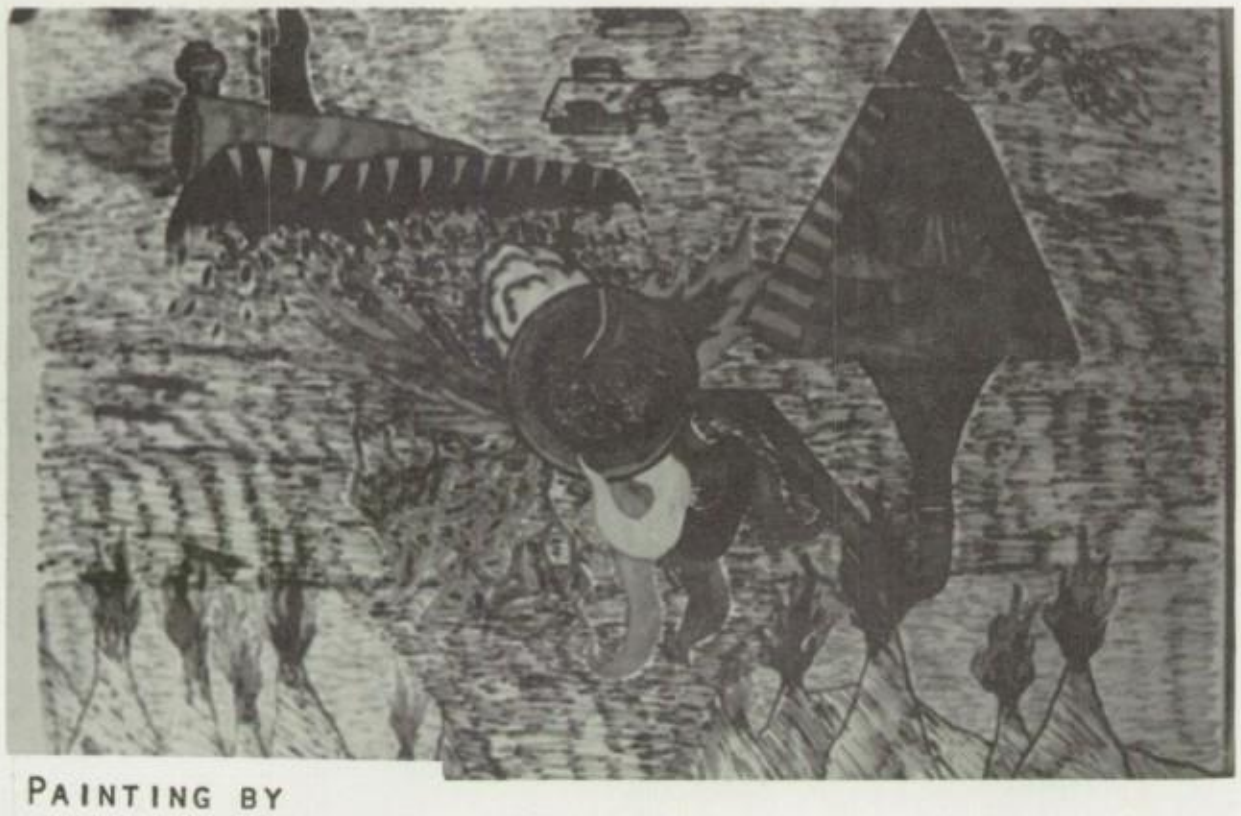
Mitchell Smithey
Texas Tea House

MARK GUNN
COOKING SOMEWHERE

Jim Strain
Tom Thumb



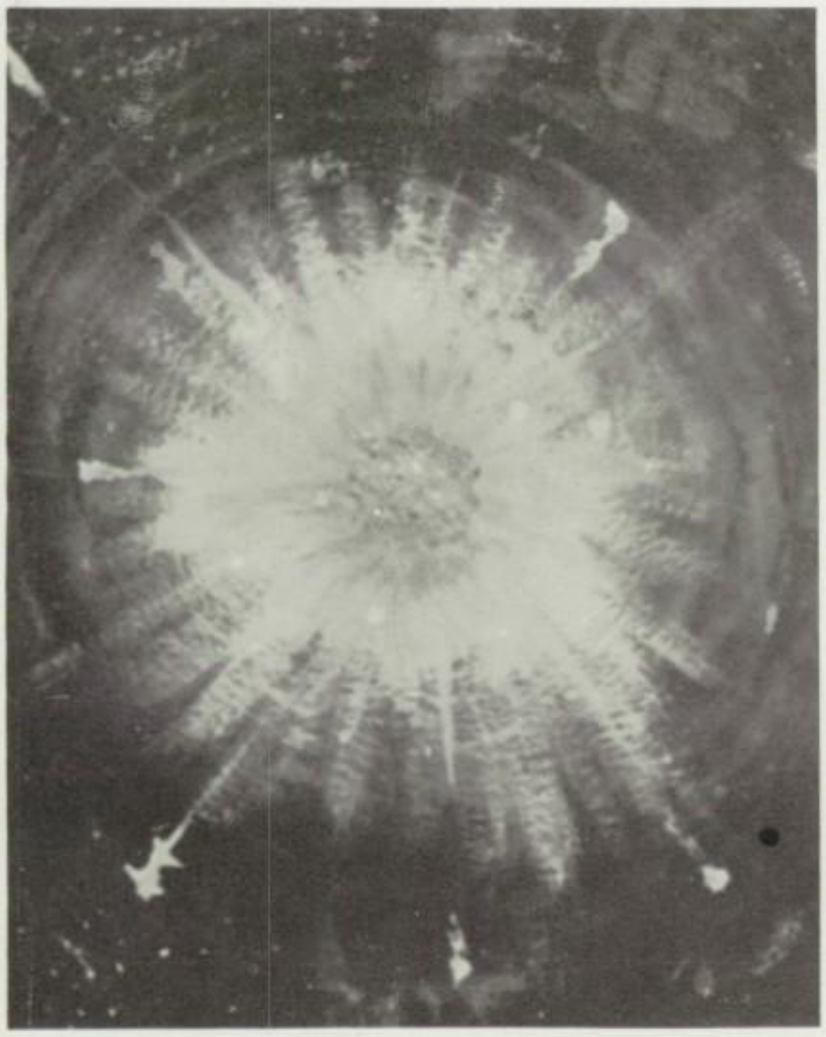
Jay Gabriel
McDonald's



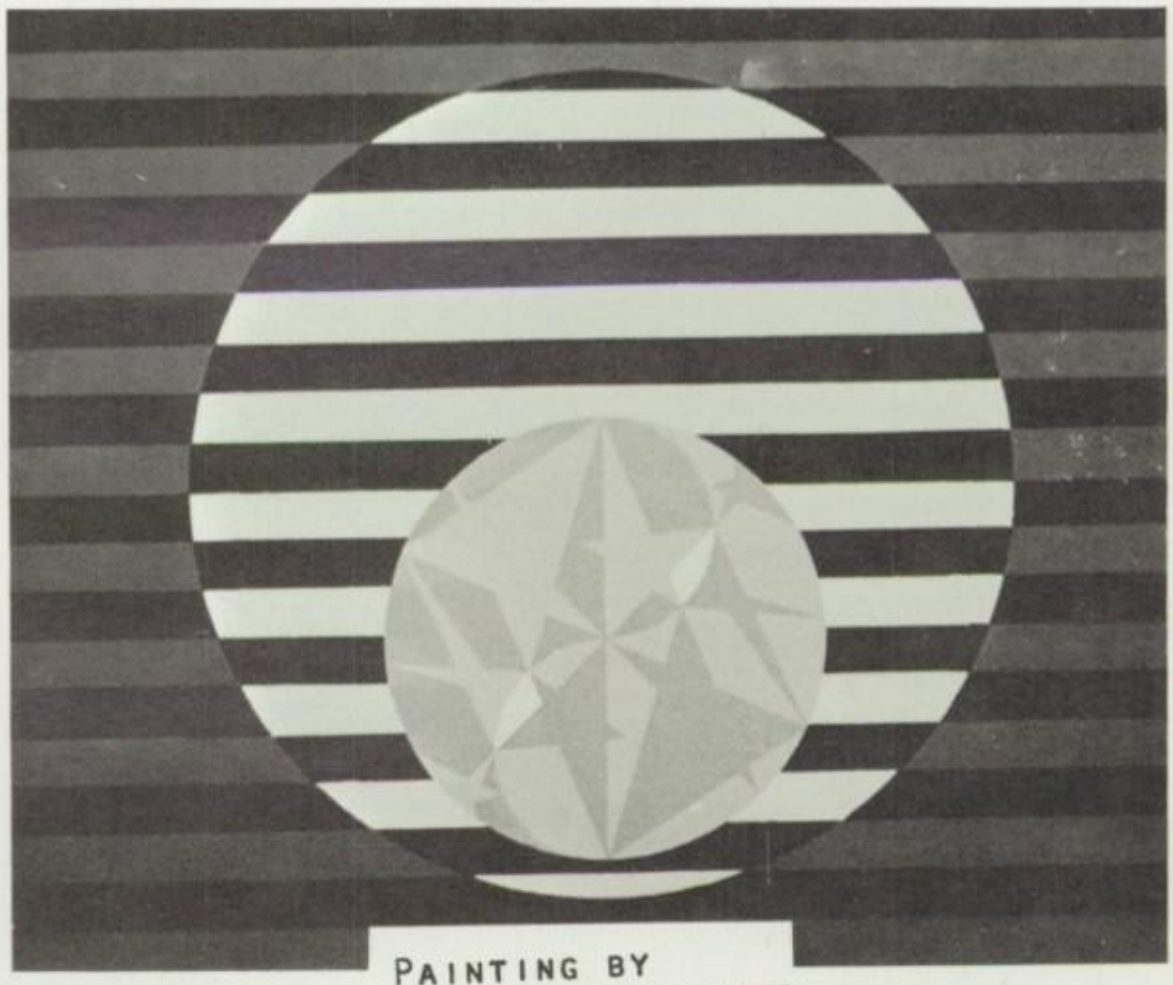
PAINTING BY
SCOTT SUESS

WALDEN

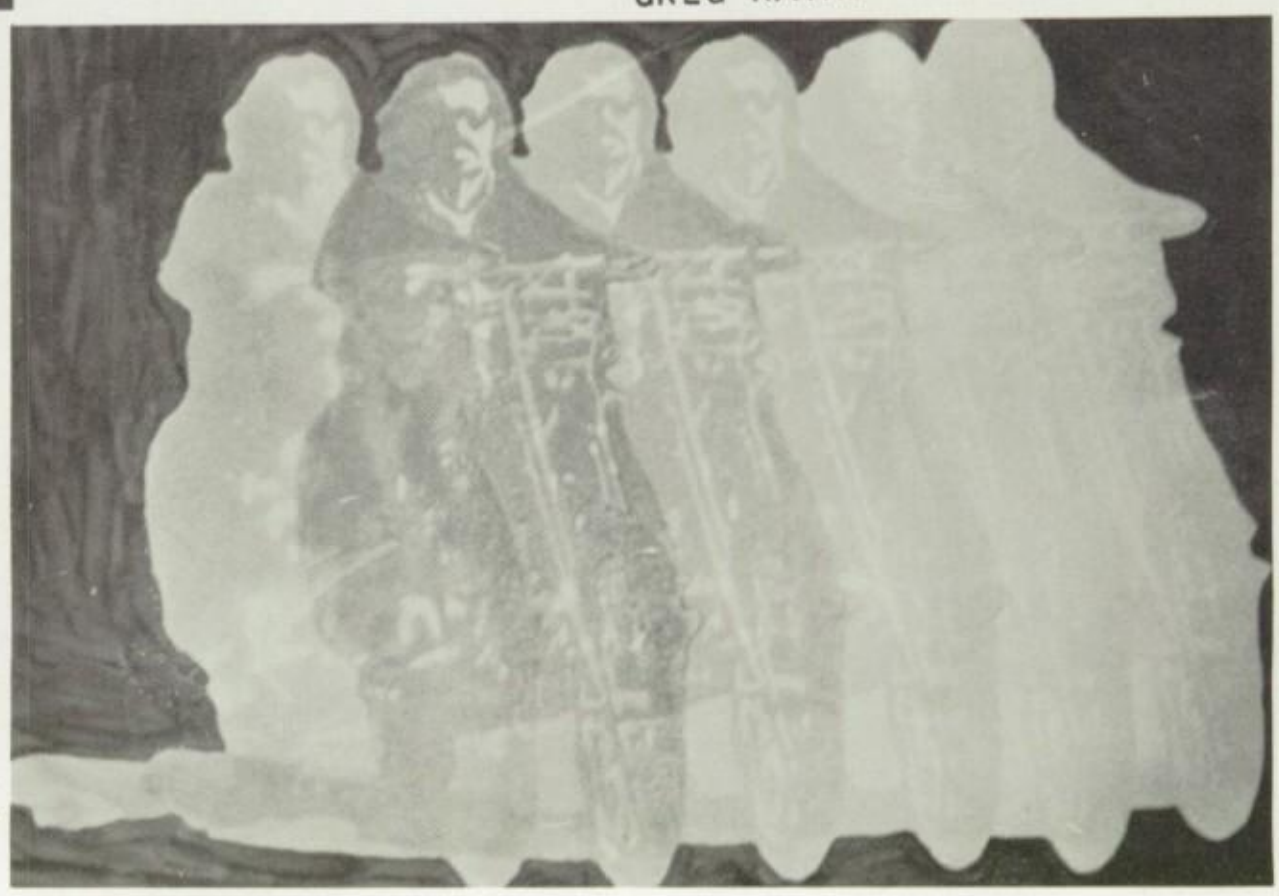
ART AND WRITING



PAINTING BY
MIKE NOLAND



PAINTING BY
GREG RATHE



PAINTING BY
STEVE GAY

i NEVER DID REALIZE
TILL NOW...
the lonliness I COULD HEAR
EVEN WHEN SURROUNDED by FRIENDS
Im A LITTLE SCARED
BUT IM NOT AT ALL NEW TO THIS.
MABEY we've ~~forgotten~~ how to RELATE
To ONE ANOTHER.

ITS BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE IVE BEEN UP
THIS LATE.
ITS COLD OUTSIDE!

YOU KNOW, MABEY I TRY TOO HARD,
OR MABEY I DONT TRY HARD ENOUGH
BUT I KNOW im EXPECTING TOO MUCH
AND TRYING TO fill THIS ONE EMPTY SPACE
SEEMS TO BE THE MOST difficult thing Ive
Ever DONE

Sallie

¢

I feel Sorry...
for myself

WALK GENTLY LEST YOU SHOULD TROD UPON
THE GNOMES;
AND SPEAK SOFTLY FOR FEAR OF UPSETTING
SOME ETERNAL SILENCE;
AND ALL THE TIME BEWARE THE LION'S ROAR,
AND PECULIAR VISIONS STEMMING FROM YOUR
EYES,
AND AT THAT EEFERVECSANT INSTANT
WHEN THEIR BARETREES FALL, IF YOU
ARE STILL TO BE,
MOVE QUIETLY INTO THE NETHERWORLD
OF MADNESS,
WALKING GENTLY LEST YOU SHOULD TROD UPON
THE GNOMES.

STEPHEN MCLEOD

A STORY BY MATT GENTRY

THERE ONCE WAS A LITTLE TOWN IN RJSSIA WITH A POPULATION OF ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED. ONE DAY THEY HEARD OF A CARNIVAL COMING TO THEIR TOWN; EVERYONE WAS VERY EXCITED--EVERYONE BUT NOODLES.

NOODLES WAS A STRANGE YOUNG BOY WITH A VERY BAD TMEPER. WHEN HIS MOTHER WOULD ASK HIM TO DO SOMETHING HE WOULD TELL HER TO BUG OFF. IF ANYONE WOULD ASK HIM A THING MOST OF THE TIME THEY GOT NO ANSWER, OF IF THEY DID GET AN ANSWER IT WAS ALWAYS NO.

WELL, THE CARNIVAL CAME AND ALL THE PEOPLE RAN FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER YELLING AND HAVING FUN, WHILE NOODLES JUST SAT AROUND AND FROWNED AND CRIED. THEN, AS IF IT HAD MEANT TO BE, A SMALL GIRL WENT TO NOODLES WITH A BIG SMILE AND SHE DID NOT ASK HIM TO DO SOMETHING FOR HER.

THE GIRL ASKED IF SHE COULD HELP HIM, AND WHY HE WAS SAD. THEN NOODLES LOOKED UP WITH A HALFWAY SMILE, BUT HE STILL HAD A LITTLE FROWN, AND SAID, "I JUST DON'T KNOW HOW TO HAVE FUN."

"HAVE FUN," THE GIRL REPLIED, "TO HAVE FUN YOU MUST ALWAYS BE NICE AND CONSIDERATE OF OTHER PEOPLE FIRST."

WELL, NOODLES THOUGHT ABOUT IT, AND THEN ONE MORNING NOODLES GOT UP AND DID HIS MOTHER'S WORK AND THEN WENT OUT TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO HELP.

BY THE END OF THE EVERYONE WAS SO HAPPY WITH NOODLES THEY DECIDED TO HAVE A BIG FEAST, BUT THEY HAD A PROBLEM BECAUSE EVERYONE WANTED SOMETHING SPECIAL TO EAT.

SO ALL THE PEOPLE WERE TO MAKE AN UNUSUAL FOOD, THEN THEY WOULD EAT AT THE FEAST. SO EVERYONE MADE ALL THE WEIRED AND STRANGE FOODS AND LINED THEM UP. THEN THE PEOPLE PICKED AND VOTED TO COME UP WITH ONE BEST FOOD.

WELL, THEY PICKED IT AND NAMED IT NOODLES BECAUSE THE DINNER WAS BEING HELD FOR NOODLES. FROM THEN ON, NOODLES HAS BEEN A POPULAR FOOD.

I WISH I KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING
ALL AROUND INSIDE MY HEAD.
FOR MONTHS AND MONTHS IT'S BEEN ONE DELIMA AFTER ANOTHER
BUT I NEVER CAN FULFILL OBLIGATIONS OR DREAMS.

I'M TRASHED OUT AND DEPRESSED ALL THE WAY
WISH I'D GET MOVING,
THIS IS NO PLACE TO STAY.
I KNOW THERE'S GOT TO BE BRIGHTER DAYS.

IT'S REALLY A BUMMER WITH NO ROAD OR WHEELS
SO HARD TO EXPLAIN, ONLY I KNOW THE FEEL.
I THINK I MAY HAVE BEEN ON IT FOR SOMETIME NOW--
A GOOD SOLID RELATIONSHIP; THAT WOULD BE FOR REAL.

SAM BIASETTI

IT'S A STRANGE WORLD WE LIVE IN

A NEW ENGLAND HIGH-SCHOOL JUNIOR, BORED, TOOK OFF FROM HOME WITH A FEW EXTRA CLOTHES, A GUITAR AND $12 AND THUMBED HIS WAY TO PITTSBURG, NASHVILLE, THEN WEST THROUGH TEXAS, NEW MEXICO, ARIZONA, CALIFORIA. THE $12 GONE, HE SANG FOR HIS SUPPER OFTEN ONLY A CUP OF COFFEE OR TWO.

MONTHS LATER, FORTY POUNDS LIGHTER, FINDING THAT PEOPLE ARE MUCH THE SAME WHEREEVER YOU GO. HE RETURNED HOME. REASON: BOREBOM. HE HAD WANTED TO GET ALONE TO THINK. WHAT A STRAIGHT AND STRANGE WORLD TO FACE UP TO. SO MANY CONFICTS INCOPREHENSIBLE THINGS...

JOAN WILLIAMS

IN THE SEA OF MY THOUGHTS
FLOATING AROUND
IS A PEICE OF DRIFTWOOD
AND if you KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT DRIFTWOOD
YOU'D KNOW THAT WHEN IT GETS WET
IT EXPANDS, AN GETS AIR POCKETS
WHICH KEEPS IT A FLOAT.

IN MY PEICE OF DRIFTWOOD,
THE AIR POCKETS ARE CALLED LOOP HOLES.
AND MY PEICE OF DRIFTWOOD,
ASKS THE HARDEST QUESTION iVE had to ANSWE
WHO AM I.

. . ★ . .

WHO AM I?
No ONE KNOWS REALLY.
WHO I AM.
AS A MATTER OF FACT
No one knows
How,
why,
when,
OR where i AM.
RIGHT NOW.
NO ONE REALLY KNOWS WHERE i AM RIGHT NOW
EXCEPT for you.
AND I SURE ~~AM~~ GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN

→ SALVE

. . ★ . .

A GREAT WITCH DIED
AND WITH WHOSE SOUL WAS
SENTTOHELL TO WRITHE AND BURN.

AND HIS SENTENCE CARRIED OUT
(MIRACULOUSLY) HE RAISED THE
MAYBE QUESTION: "WHY?" AND ALLATONCE
AND EVERYTHING STOPPED.

THE GREAT ONES WITH THEIR SILVER BEARDS
WENT INTO COUNCIL LONG AND GRAVE
TORTURED BY TRUTH (ERROR'S COMFORT
BEING LOATH TO LEAVE)
AND WHEN THE COUNCIL ENDED THEY
(MIRACULOUSLY MARVEL) HAD REACHED
NO JUDGEMENT.

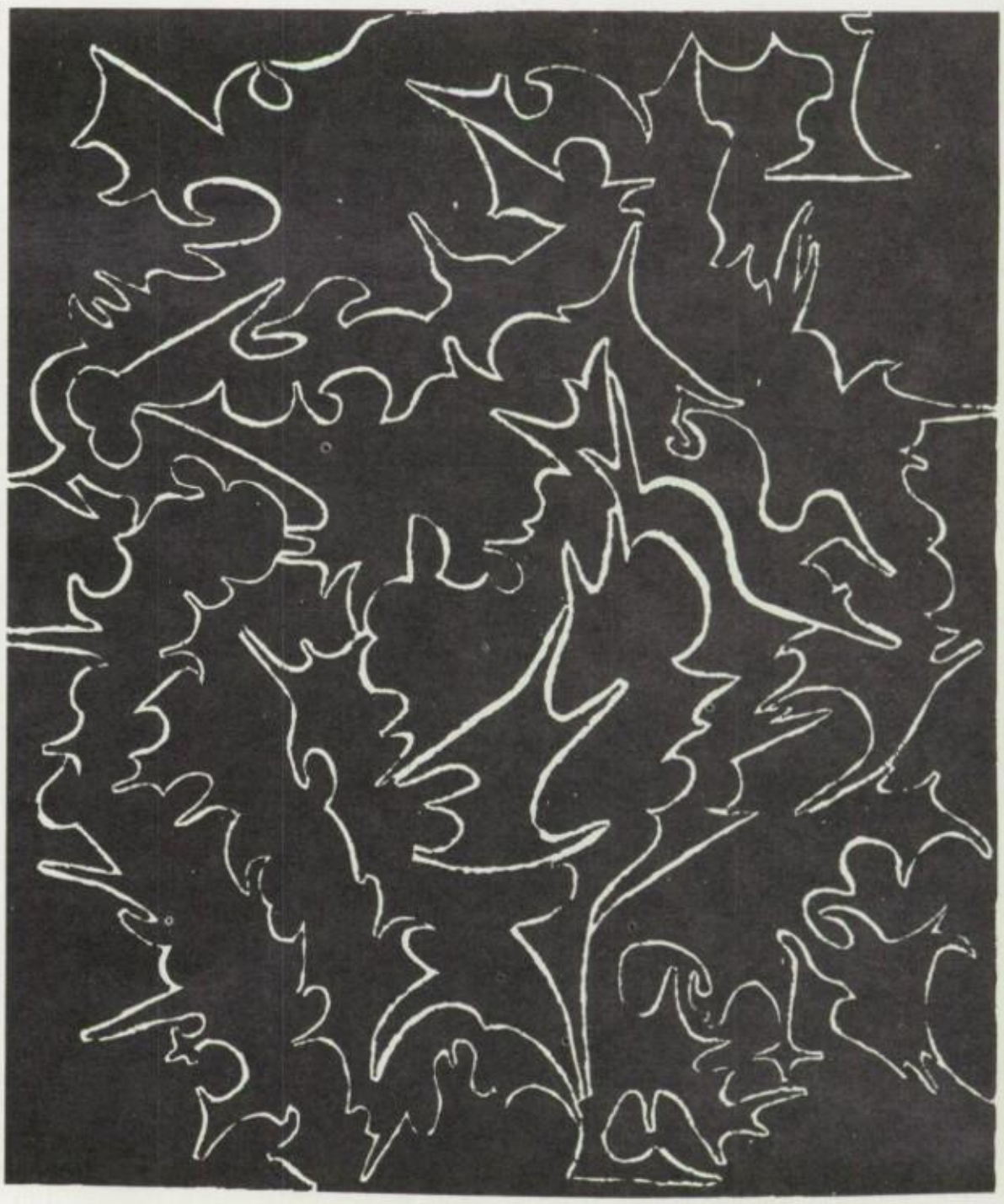
AND THEN HE STOOD. AND WITH WHICH EVERY FIRE
HE BURNED HE TOOK THEM ALL INTO HIS ARMS
AND LIT THEM WITH AVERILY FLAME
OF ANCIENT WICCA (MIRACULOUSLY MARVEL)

(UNTO HIM THEN, THE GREAT ONES BOWED.
AND UNTO HIM THEN, ALL OF EVERYONE BOWED.)

STEVE MCLEOD

THE MAN'S HERE AGAIN.
HE PLAYS AND SINGS AND
LOTS OF THINGS.
OF LUNCHEON DATES AT NOON.
IN PLANS OF JUNE.
A MAN'S A MAN
OF MEETING IN THE DAWN
BUT BATTLES THAT WE ONCE WON.
SO THINK IT'S FUN.
WITHOUT YOU IT REALLY
CAN'T BA DONE.

BY TOMMY FINE



BRAD ROSE

IT WON'T BE MUCH LONGER
HE SAID
JUST BE PATIENT
I WAITED THERE FOR HOURS TAKING NOTE OF THE
POUNDING SILENCE

SUDDENLY OUT OF THE LIGHT OF A HUNDREDTHOUSAND
FIRES CAME THE ROTTING FIGURE OF AN OLD AND
DECREPIT SAGE

HE STOOD IN FRONT OF ME SEARCHING MY EYES FOR
WISDOM AND WHEN HE FOUND NONE
HE SMILED.

STEPHEN MCLEOD

"GRANDFATHER"

GRANDFATHER. . .
I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL
HE GAVE ME CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM
WHEN HE HAD PROMISED MOTHER HE WOULDN'T.
AND WHEN MOTHER CAME HOME
SHE SAW MY MOUTH COVERED WITH CHOCOLATE,
AND AN INNOCENT LOOK ON GRANDFATHER'S FACE.

GRANDFATHER. . .
AND I HARDLY EVER SPOKE--
OUR WORDS DIDN'T COMMUNICATE TO EACH OTHER
BECAUSE HIS WERE JAPANESE AND MINE WERE NOT.
BUT HE ALWAYS UNDERSTOOD ME,
AND I HIM.

GRANDFATHER. . .
WOULD GIVE ME ANYTHING
THAT I WANTED
BUT I DIDN'T ASK HIM FOR MUCH,
BECAUSE I HAD HIM.

GRANDFATHER. . .
WAS GONE.
MOTHER SAID HE WENT TO SEE JESUS,
AND SHE WAS CRYING.
BUT I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

BODYWORK

NEED A NEW FACE???
KNOCK ON ANY DOOR.
THEY'LL BEND IT AND TWIST IT
AND WAX IT SOME MORE.
THEY'LL PAINT YOUR FACE AND
GIVE YOU A GRIN.
THEY'LL MELT YOUR MIND INTO GELATION.
PAY OUT THE BUCKS TO LOOK LIKE A WHORE.
NEED A NEW FACE???
KNOCK ON ANY DOOR.

BY ROBERT SMITH

THE DAY THE SHIT PILED UP

TECHNOLOGY AT THE BULLDOZER,
PROGESS DROVE THE DUMPTRUCK-
THEY RAZED PEOPLETOWN U.S.A.---

STATLER-HILTON REST ITS ASS THERE NOW.

OLD SEQUOIA IS NOW NINE-HUNDRED THOUSAND
BILLION TOOTHPICKS.
THE PRESIDENT JUST PICKED THE PUBLIC OUT
OF HIS TEETH WITH ONE.

TWO MORE LUMPS ADDED TO THE SEETHING PILE
OF CIVILIZATION.

SOME ONE IS GIVING BADGES AND GUNS OUT TO
DEAD BRAIN CELLS, MAKING G.M. THE CZAR
OF MAIN STREET.
A LITTLE DWARF NAMED TELEVISION JUST EX-
POSED HIMSELF TO A SIX YEAR-OLD CHILD.
THE PILE GROWS HIGHER-
WE GET LOWER.
LUMP BY LUMP

TODAY IS THE DAY OF THE LAST LUMP.
STYRENE CITY JUST SHOVED A CADDILLAC UP
THE ENVIRONMENTS ASS.
TOMMORROW IS THE DAY THE PILE TOPPLES-
AND KILLS THOSE WHO PUT IT UP-
AND THOSE WHO DIDN'T.

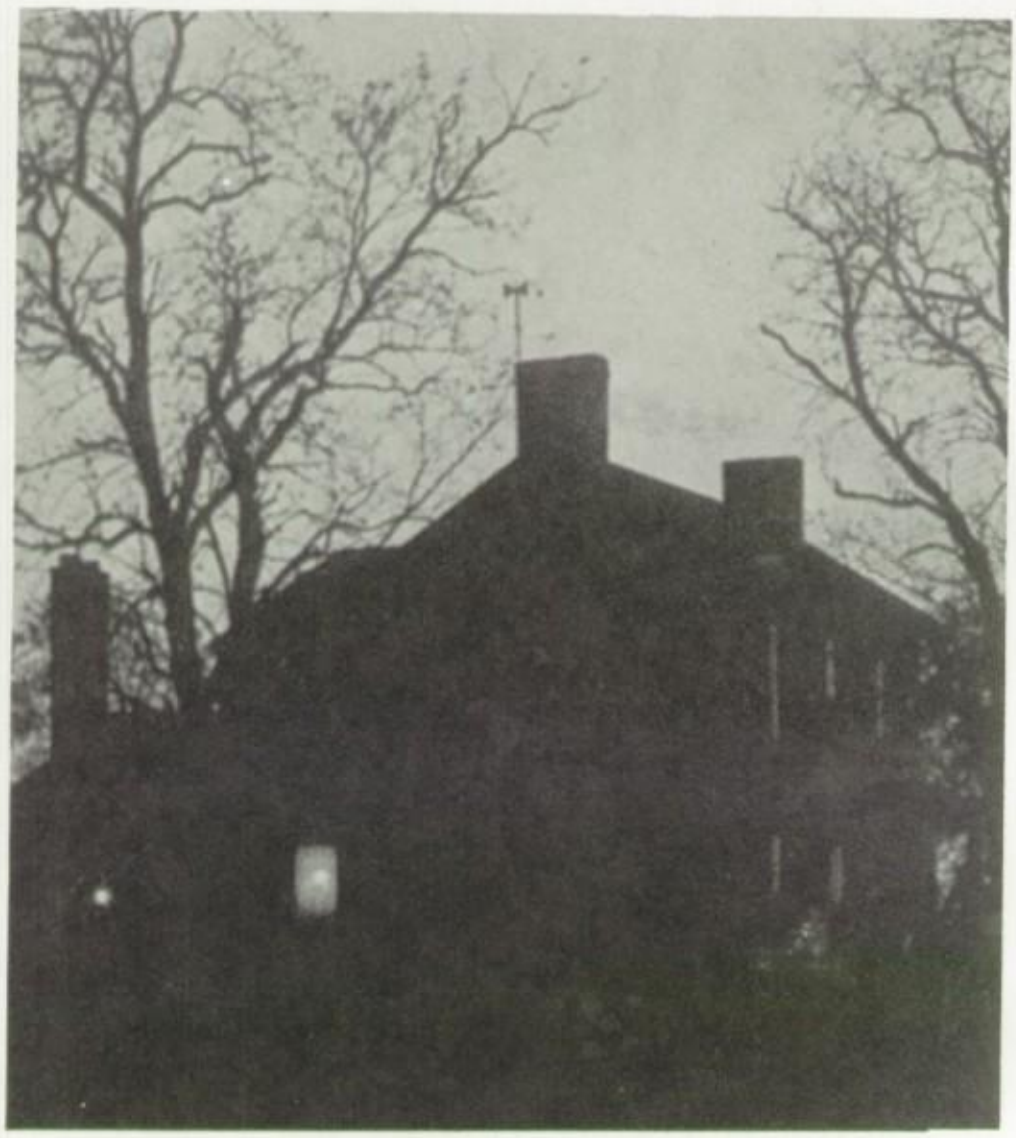
ROBERT SMITH

IT WAS AN AVERAGE SUMMER DAY, JUST LIKE THOSE TO COME. IT WAS A HUMID, STICKY, HOT DAY. NO ONE FELT LIKE DOING ANYTHING. THERE WERE ONLY A FEW SOUNDS AUDIBLE THIS TIME OF MORNING. THE DISTANT HUM OF LAWNMOWERS WAS THE MOST NOTICABLE SOUND. THERE WERE THE SQUEAK OF SCREEN DOORS OPENING AND SLAMMING SHUT. THE BIRDS WOULD CHIRP OCCASIONALLY AND THE CRICKETS WOULD JOIN IN SOMETIMES. THE ONLY OTHER SOUND I COULD HEAR WAS THE FAINT TINKLE OF THE ICE CREAM TRUCK. THE STREETS BURNED AT BARE FEET AND THE HOT BLACK TAR BUBBLED AND OOZED IN THE CRACKS OF THE STREET. AND, OF COURSE, OLD MAN CRAIG SAT ON HIS PORCH, READING HIS PAPER AND OCCASIONLLY SWATTING AT FLYS AND MESQUITOS; OFTEN DRIFTING OFF TO SLEEP. CERTAINLY, THERE WAS NOTHING TO DISTINGUISH THIS SUMMER DAY FROM ANY OTHER.

ROBIN RODMAN

As she walked through the crowded, hot city, she felt a feeling that she was enclosed in the city. She felt she had to escape. Escape to a place with a small population and a climate that would suit her taste. She felt like a leaf on a tree. Like she was just another being. She was very inferior and the thought of the city was replusive to her. She was always depressed. You could tell by the way she'd let her hair hide her face as she walked down the street. She jumped when someone called her name. She'd ponder every day on her future and life but for some reason, she never came up with the solution to her promblems.

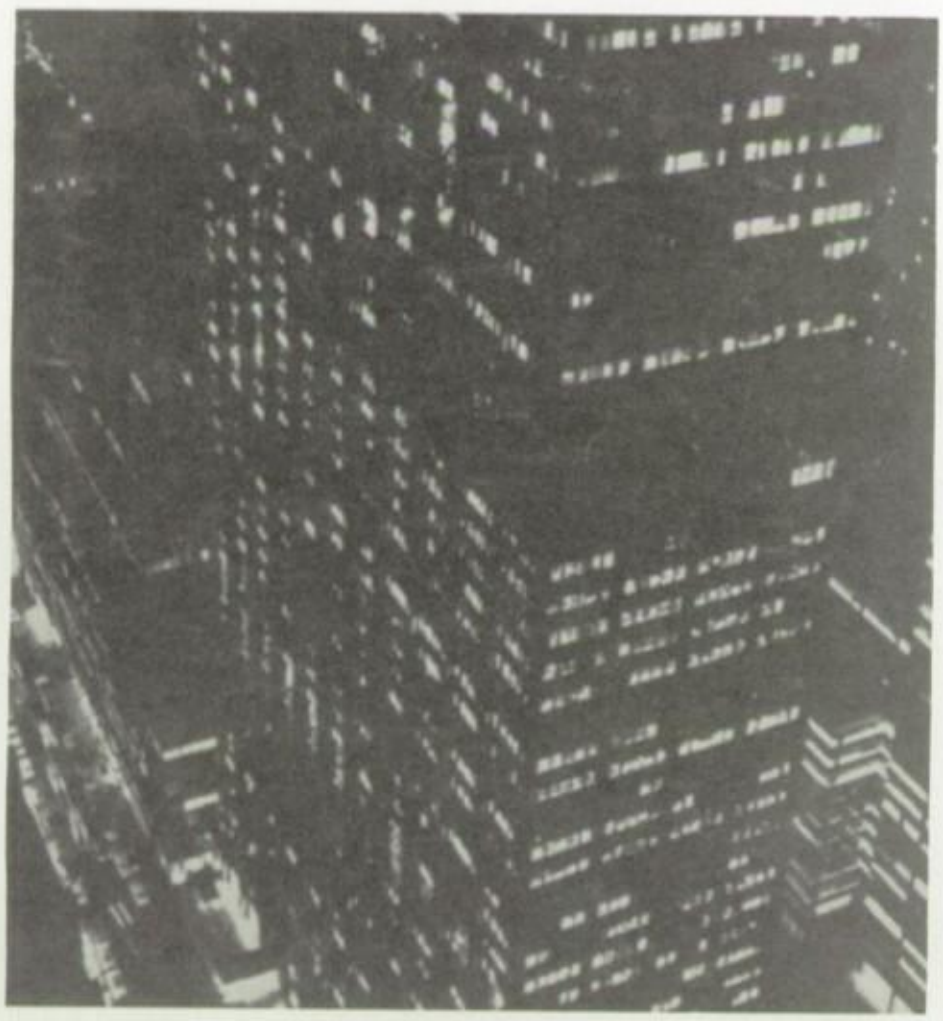
by Tammy Parsons



When I was little I lived
on a farm,
with the wind, and the
fields, and the trees.
Now I live in the city
with the skyscrapers,
the cars, and the signs.

When I was little I used
to always run through
the woods with the wind in my hair
and against my face.
Now there is no wind
and there are no woods.
And every once in a while,
I get a rumble in my stomach,
for the windy woods are
calling me home.

Tammy Parsons



My Friend

Did you ever love a dude,
and know he didn't love you?
Did you ever feel like crying
but what good would it do?
Did you ever look into his eyes
and say a little prayer?
Did you ever look into his heart
and wish you were there?
Did you ever see him dancing
when the lights were turned down low?
Did you ever whisper,"God, I love him",
But never let him know?

Please don't fall in love, my friend,
you'll find it doesn't pay.
Although it causes broken hearts it happens
every day.

Do you ever wonder where he's at,
or if he's being true?
One day you'll be happy,
but the next day blue.

And when it comes
You don't know why
You'll wonder day and night.

You see my friend,
You're losing him
No matter how you fi

Love is fine-but it hurts so much
The price you pay is high.
If I had to choose between love or death,
I think I'd rather die.

So please don't fall in love my friend,
You'll be hurt before it's through.
You see my friend, I think you ought to know

By Vicky Valentine

For Even If

For even if Blossoms fall from the trees
And Seagulls and their flights to the seas
If the birds lost their voices
and stars lost their shine
The love places to your heart
Are still locked with mine.

If winter cheeks turn warm
and lose their pink tint
Warmth won't change times
Love and I have spent.
When I looked into your eyes
for the very first time,
My step found its long lost
companions ryhme.

Even if Shadows turn shades of Lonesome hue
I'll never stop loving you,
For even if love leaves me walking alone
I'll always love you, and our love,
My own.

By Joan Williams

FOR ALL OF THE 20TH CENTURY CHILDREN

HEY KIDS! YOU'RE ONE OF A KIND!
BORN IN THE SPACE-AGE.
AGE OF APATHY! COMPLETE WITH SNAP-TOGETHER CITIES.
A VAST WRECKYARD OF TOMORROW HAS BEEN SET AT YOUR FEET.

IT HAS NUCULAR MISSILS AND A PRESIDENT WHO COOKS HIS OWN BREAKFAST.
YES, TECHNOLOGY HAS FOUND A NEW WAY TO MELT YOUR MIND.
20TH CENTURY AMERIKA.

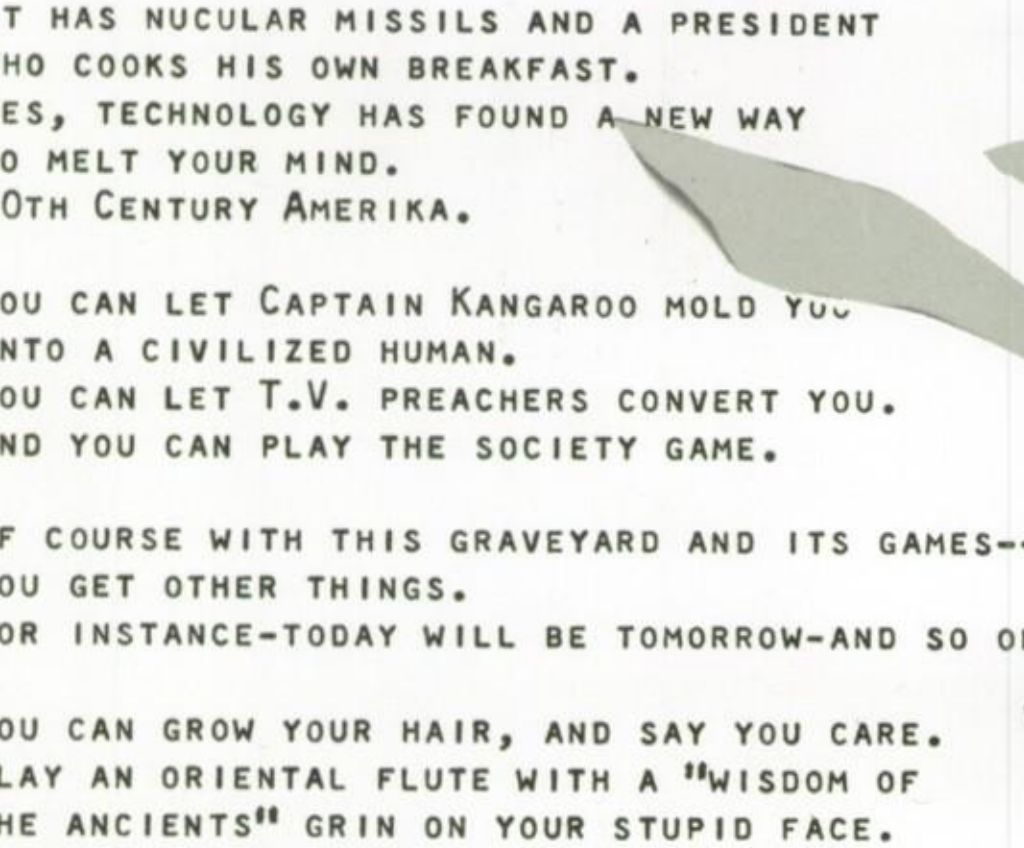
YOU CAN LET CAPTAIN KANGAROO MOLD YOU INTO A CIVILIZED HUMAN.
YOU CAN LET T.V. PREACHERS CONVERT YOU.
AND YOU CAN PLAY THE SOCIETY GAME.

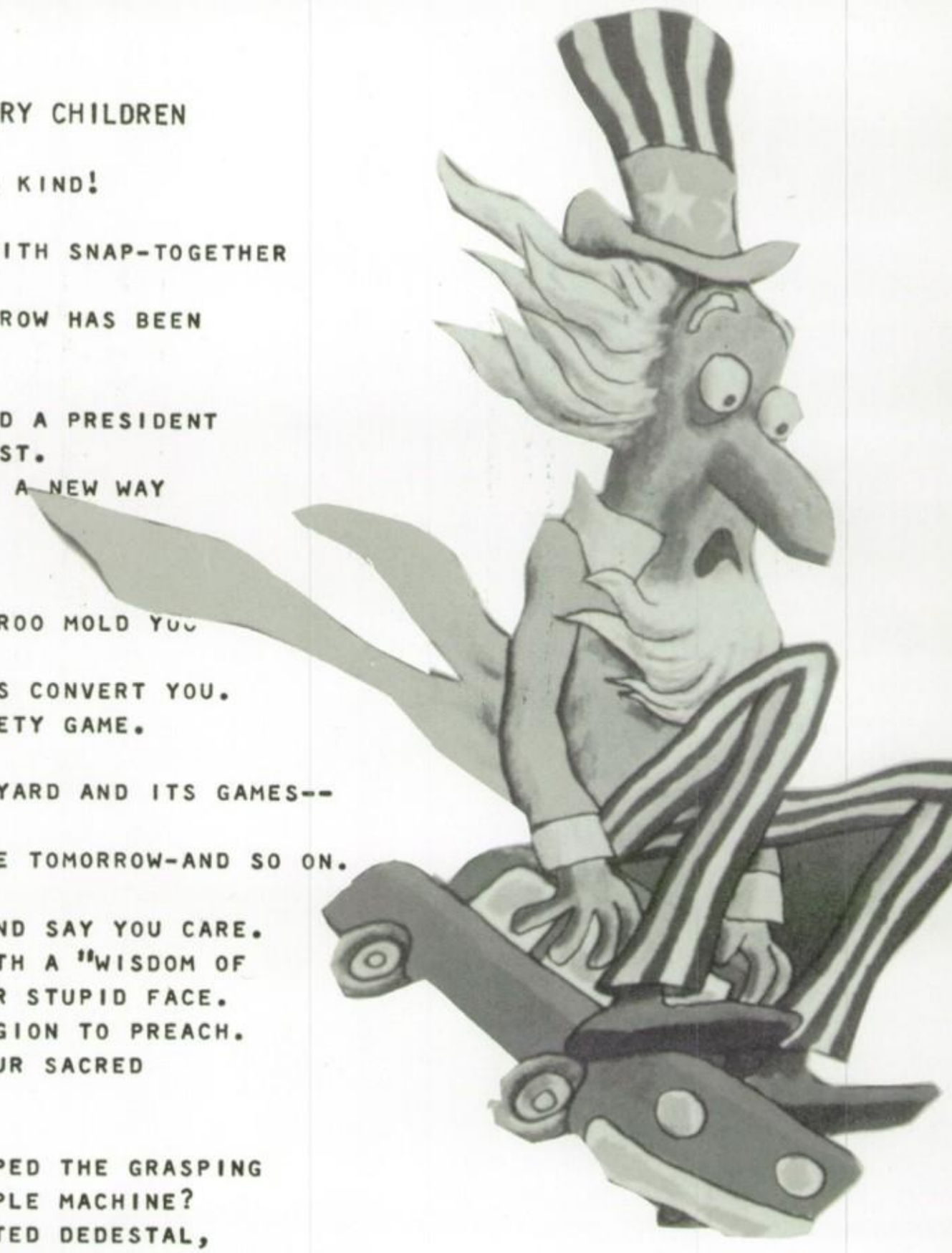
OF COURSE WITH THIS GRAVEYARD AND ITS GAMES--
YOU GET OTHER THINGS.
FOR INSTANCE-TODAY WILL BE TOMORROW-AND SO ON.

YOU CAN GROW YOUR HAIR, AND SAY YOU CARE.
PLAY AN ORIENTAL FLUTE WITH A "WISDOM OF THE ANCIENTS" GRIN ON YOUR STUPID FACE.
THEN FIND AN OBSOURE RELIGION TO PREACH.
TO ESCAPE? HIDE INSIDE YOUR SACRED ROCK'N'ROLL.

YOU BELIEVE YOU HAVE ESCAPED THE GRASPING CLAWS OF THE AMERIKAN PEOPLE MACHINE?
YOU STAND ON A CHROME PLATED DEDESTAL,
JUST AS PLASTIC AS YOUR PARENTS' CADDILLAC CAR. . .
AND YOU ESCAPED???

SMOKE SOME MORE DOPE.
JUST SMOKE. . . SOME. . . MORE. . . DOPE. . .





ONE NAKED HUMAN

HE'S A WANDERING IDIOT.
HE DREAMS ABOUT SMALLTOWN U.S.A.
HE WEARS A MASK...
AND A BOW TIE.
BUT NO ONE SEES HIM,
THEY ARE TOO BUSY DOING THE SAME

HE WISHES HE WASN'T,
AND THEY WISH THEY WEREN'T,
IT'S GOOD THEY COULDN'T...
BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL--
WANDERING IDIOTS.

BY ROBERT SMITH

EXACTLY TINY (WITH
SMALL, BUT ACCURATE
ADOLESCENT (HOPES OF GLORY BEING
AMUSED HANDS)
WENT YOU: HOPING TO
CONQUER THE WORLD AND YOURSELF
WITH ONE EASY BLOW.

HOLDING PRIDE IN THAT GLORIOUS
(SLIGHTLY DEFICATE) HOPE: HUMANITY
IN YOUR POCKET,
AND LOVE ON YOUR LIPS

YOU HAVING AN INCURABLY
STUBBORN AND MALICIOUSLY HEARTBREAKING
DISEASE CALLED CONFIDENCE) THRUST
FORWARD. (ALWAYS SMILING)

YOU WASHED THE SCUM AND SPITTLE AND DIRT
FROM YOUR FACES THINKING, ALWAYS
BELIEVING WE HAD THE SENSE TO
LEARN TO LOVE SUNBEAMS, AND TALK TO
THE TREES.

AND WHEN WE SPIT IN YOUR
HOPEFUL YOUNG FACE AND TORE DOWN
YOUR DREAMS WITH BULLDOZERS OF APATHY,
(WE TOLD YOU IT WAS ALL A PART OF GROWING UP)

YOU CLIMBED THE HIGHEST PINNACLE OF DEFEAT
(BY MEANS OF A SKILLFULLY APPLIED BULLET
THROUGH THE TOP OF YOUR HEAD)

STEVE MCLEOD

CHEEZO and DOLF! (IN TH' SKIN AN' AT IT AGAIN!)

Can an educated dwarf and an old Nazi find the Amerikan Dream in two lifetimes?? Probably not, but they took along a lunch anyway.

HOT HOOFING IT THROUGH MIDDLE AMERIKA!!

MAMIE VERTEL

PRIMITIVES-AMERICANA
ACCESSORIES

Mamie's Antiques

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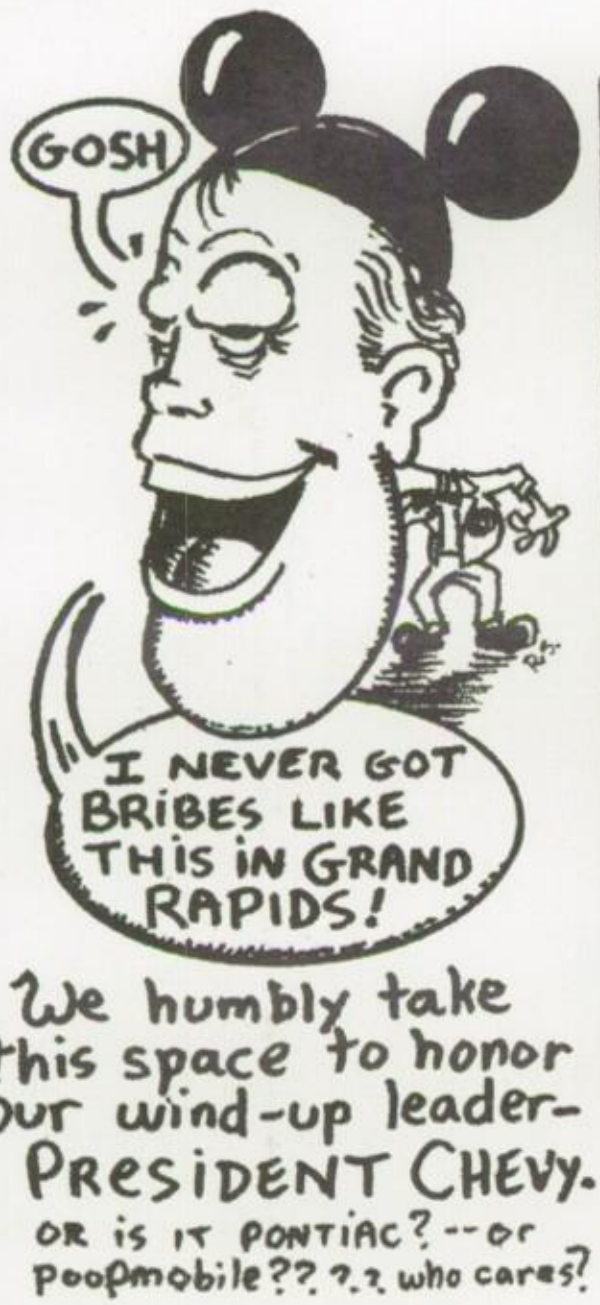
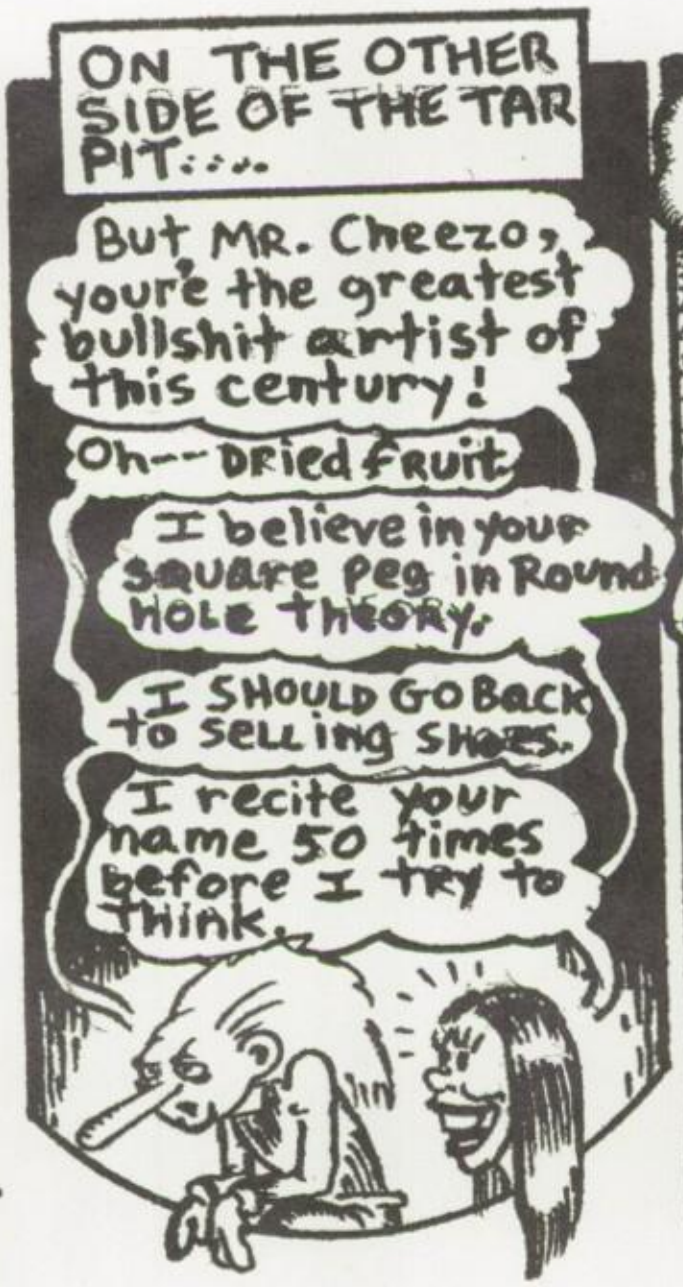


We humbly take this space to honor our wind-up leader- PRESIDENT CHEVY.

OR IS IT PONTIAC? --OR poopmobile?? ?.? who cares?


ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TAR PIT....
But MR. Cheezo, your the greatest bullshit artist of this century!
Oh-- DRIED FRUIT
I believe in your SQUARE PEG in ROUND HOLE THEORY.
I SHOULD GO BACK to SELLING SHOES.
I recite your name 50 times before I try to think.

Oh you modest little man, I'd worship you even if I didnt get paid for it.
yes yes
But I'll TAKE MY MONEY ANYWAY.
HE HEE HEE! I'm TOO CLEVER FOR MY OWN GOOD!!!
POKE
!!
EEP
Robert Smith